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THE WRITINGS

OF

SARAH A. KING.

"TO LIVE IN HEARTS WE LEAVE BEHIND
IS NOT TO DIE." *Campbell.*

PRINTED FOR PRIVATE CIRCULATION:
1884.

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TO the personal friends for whom this little volume is intended it may not be necessary to say that my mother made no pretensions to authorship. Indeed, so slight a value did she place upon her written thoughts that only by urgent request were any ever published; and the few scattered manuscripts I have been fortunate enough to collect are so imperfect that I almost hesitated to copy them. Unhappily, my most careful search among accumulated papers has failed to discover some of the brightest compositions (many that were recited before Sorosis and other societies to which she belonged), so that I fear they are really lost. This is a great grief to me, as I know it will be to the many kind friends who held my mother in high esteem, and who, in their desire to possess a copy of her writings, suggested having them arranged in book form.

WOR 19FEB'36

Many verses written long before her marriage are, I find, preserved, while later ones are lost; and the poems of her first married years have escaped destruction chiefly because they were tributes to her children who had died, and not because she considered them worthy literary productions.

My mother expressed herself very easily in rhyme—her thoughts were always weaving verses, and she frequently set them to music; indeed, I think all the songs with which she delighted my childhood were her own composition, as well as her stories of adventure and wonder related to make happy the evening hours at home. Possessing more than ordinary talent, had she been willing to devote her life to literary pursuits, I am sure she would have reached a degree of excellence far above mediocrity; but being, withal, severely practical, she allowed her minute attention to home details to occupy the greater part of her time.

I wish I could do adequate justice to my mother's memory—I wish I could repeat verbatim the sentiments of appreciation which have been expressed by her friends; but, feeling my incompetency, I shall only attempt to refer briefly to her qualities of heart and soul, in the fond hope of paying some slight tribute to her merit which may outlast my voice.

My mother was deeply loved and honored; her admirable traits of character inspired confidence and respect, and her friendship was highly prized; yet she was extremely modest and unassuming, and never seemed conscious of herself. Her nature was too pure ever to be contaminated.

Her mind seemed to turn naturally to what was true, good, and beautiful. She possessed a keen appreciation of *the right*, and courage to sustain it when opposed. She was loyal, just, and sincere, with a heart overflowing with tenderness and sympathy for any who needed help. She has strengthened many in trouble, teaching them, by her sound and healthful counsel, how to make their burdens bearable. She was never morbid, even though an invalid for many years, invariably finding, in her beautiful philosophy, sufficient compensation for the ills of life.

Notwithstanding her outside interests, which were numerous (she was treasurer of Sorosis, secretary of the Chapin Home, besides being an active member of many literary and charitable associations), her home received her greatest care and attention, and she gave that personal supervision to its every detail which is unusual, even with women who have no other occupation. And it is in *the home* that she is most missed—there where her absence is felt with a sorrow unspeakable. The void left in the hearts that were guided and guarded, consoled and counseled to higher effort, by her pure and holy nature, is beyond the limit of words to describe.

My mother earnestly desired to recover from her illness; she felt she had not accomplished half her work; that she was needed so much by those who depended upon her. The ties of earth were strong, and she clung lovingly to life; therefore, it was deemed wisest and best that she should be spared the knowledge of her immediate danger. However, she believed implicitly in the immortality of the soul, the reunion of friends, and the possibilities of infinite progress.

Her last days of extreme physical weakness and helplessness did not obscure the clearness and vigor of her mind; she became so spiritualized that she seemed to grasp the essence of being,—*saw thought*, emotions, and the perfume of flowers. She passed away Sunday afternoon, January thirteenth, eighteen hundred and eighty-four. She had fallen asleep early in the morning and did not recover consciousness before all was over in this world.

"Day after day we think what she is doing
In the bright realms of air;
Year after year, her gentle steps pursuing,
Behold her grown more fair.

"Thus do we walk with her, and keep unbroken
The bond which Nature gives;
Thinking that our remembrance, tho' unspoken,
May reach her where she lives."

VIRGINIA KING HASCALL.

75 East 55th Street,
April, 1884.

EARLY POEMS.

THE MOUNTAIN HOME.

I DREAM of a home by the mountain side,
Where the streamlets in melody softly glide,
Where the birds sing gaily from morn till night,
And the flowers, in their blooming, are wild and bright.
I dream of a path through the forest deep,
Of a glen, where the shadows at noonday sleep,
Of the sunshine, that rests on a green side-hill,
Where the zephyrs are wandering, calm and still.
I dream of a home by the mountain side,
Where the streamlets in melody softly glide.

I dream of loved ones, who used to roam
Among the haunts of that mountain home;
Of eyes, whose beaming was ever bright,
Of lips, whose laughter rang clear and light;
Of words all gentle, and smiles all true,
And songs whose gladness seemed ever new;

Of bounding footsteps, and spirits free,
And hearts that throbbed, but with joy and glee.
I dream of loved ones who used to roam
Among the haunts of that mountain home.

I dream of them now, tho' my heart has grown
Familiar with scenes, claimed not for its own.
For my bark has drifted the ocean o'er,
And the home by the mountain is mine no more!
I dream of them now, tho' far away,
And their memory cheers me, while 'lone I stray.
As the twilight hours to the bright days come,
So come the dreams of my mountain home.
I dream of a home, by the mountain side,
Of wishes, and hopes, which too early died!

THE SEASONS.

A DIALOGUE WRITTEN FOR FOUR YOUNG GIRLS IN THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

SPRING.

I come to the frozen and snow-clad earth,
A creature of sunshine, of joy and mirth;
I come, with me bringing a beauteous train
To gladden the hillside and deck the plain;
I come with the grass and the early flowers,
With the singing birds to the woodland bowers,

With a flowing stream and a fragrant breeze,
Whispering gentle thoughts to the budding trees;
With the genial shower and the sunbeam bright,
And the dew that gleams on the flowers at night;
With a changing sky and a balmy air,
With all things glorious, bright and fair,
I come.
And the little lambs on the hills are seen,
And the lowing herd in the vales between;
And the gay lark carols her blitheful lay,
Where the woodbine twines, and the fountains play;
And the maiden's step bounds light and free
To the notes of her own sweet minstrelsy.
All nature is glad where my robes I fling,
Man blesses my coming, and hails me, Spring!

SUMMER.

And I, too, come, as a child of light,
But my bloom is more gorgeous, my beams more bright;
I come with the rose, the queen of flowers,
The glory and pride of the garden bowers;
With the richest colors the fields I spread,
And the brambles glisten with berries red.
There's a sultry sky, but a cool, sweet shade
By the foliage dense of the wild woods made,
And the bending branches their shadows throw
Where the murmuring streamlets gently flow;
Through the sunny day and the starry night
The zephyrs play with the rays of light.

There's a tranquil calm over nature spread,
And man to repose and thought is led.
Arrayed in my grandeur and beauty free,
As "the glorious Summer" they speak of me.

AUTUMN.

I come with the brown and yellow leaves,
With the ripening fruit and the golden sheaves.
But the flowers I bring are brief and pale,
And my breeze has a mournful sighing wail.
There's a fading tint o'er the grassy lea,
And the birds chant a farewell melody.
With the flowers of beauty they pass away,
As the charms from the woodland bowers decay.

But what of that? I've a plenteous store,
With my fullness the earth is teeming o'er.
The dark grapes cluster upon the vine,
The ripe, red fruits on the branches shine;
While through the forests the children small
Cheerily seek where the brown nuts fall.
From hillside and plain, in the harvest spoil,
Man is repaid for his weary toil;
And he goes to his labor with cheerful zest
And feels that he loveth the Autumn best.

WINTER.

With a howling blast and a stormy sky,
With the wind and the sleet and the frost come I.

And over the valleys and hills I throw
A mantle white of silvery snow.
And the branches, no longer arrayed in green,
I deck with a brightly glittering sheen.
And thus I come, bringing little cheer,
Making the earth all cold and drear;
But yet, from my gloom, there is some alloy,
The Winter may boast of a little joy;
Joys that the Summer may never know,
When in a sleigh, o'er the frozen snow,
The merry bells and the laughing shout,
On the clear, keen air, ring wildly out.
Aye, there is joy, on a Winter's night
To gather around the fireside bright,
Where the song is sung and the jest is told,
Or stories strange, of the days of old.
When bright eyes sparkle with love and light,
Aye, there is joy on a Winter's night.
The wanderer seeketh no more to roam,
But turns with delight to his happy home.
Round the fireside circle, 'mid social cheer,
Man ever grows better that I am here!

WE STOOD UPON THE SANDY SHORE.

We stood upon the sandy shore,
The bright waves dancing at our feet,
And talked the glad past o'er and o'er,
The past that would return no more,
With fancies wild and sweet.

And as we thought of other years
And all their pleasant, fleet-winged hours,
A silvery mist rose from our tears,
And joy sprang up from griefs and fears,
Like odors from dead flowers.

And back o'er many and many a mile,
Our hearts went roving, free from care,
To where our native valleys smile,
To where our own blue mountains pile,
And nature seems most fair.

Again the starlight seems to gleam
Upon our favorite trysting place,
And life is all one happy dream
Of birds and flowers; and love's soft beam
Played o'er each radiant face.

And gentle voices sang again
Familiar songs of hope and peace,
And we forgot how sad had been
The dreary years that flowed between
The past and present bliss.

But we awoke with sudden start,
The rapturous dream was quickly o'er,
And then we knew that we must part,
And deep within each aching heart,
That we must meet no more.

And life, that promised once so bright,
Seemed aimless now, and scarce worth keeping,
Hope's star had set in endless night,
And Disappointment's withering blight
Turned all our smiles to weeping.

We parted on the sandy shore
With heavy hearts and tear-dimmed eyes,
And long, dark years are circling o'er;
Yet, we have met,—shall meet no more
To mingle songs, or sighs.

TO MRS. A. V. CARMAN.

Thou hast been kind and good.
Thy ministerings of friendship and of love
Have shed around my life a halo, pure,
Of holiest affection.
Thy words of hope and cheer
Have fallen on the weary, stricken heart,
Like sunlight on a broken shrine,
Leaving a warm and lingering glow
Of grateful memory.
And God, who loves the good,
The pure in heart, the gentle, and the kind,
Shall smile in all the fullness of his grace
Propitious, upon thee and thine!

TO MY BROTHER.

Long years have passed, my brother,
Since last I gazed on thee,
And years, long years, may still roll on,
But we no more shall be
United in our childhood's home,
From which, as strangers, now we roam.

Yet often in my dreaming
I think I see thee still,
And roam with thee the forest,
And linger by the rill,
Or pluck the sweet, wild flowers that grew
The garden and the meadow through.

And other scenes come round me;
The scenes of bygone days;
When life was like a summer morn,
With all its pleasant ways.
When hope gave to our hearts a glow
That we, again, can never know.

The mother who us once cherished,
In these bright dreams I see;
The dark eyes, full of tenderness,
Bent lovingly on me.
And gentle words, we hear no more,
Thrill through my bosom, as of yore.

The home, with cheerful fireside,
Where merry groups once met;
Faces bright with joyousness,
Methinks I see them yet!
And you and I were with them, too,
Gentle and loving, kind and true.

But those bright scenes are faded,—
They were too dear to last;
And we may only dream of them
As something that is past;
As stars that will arise no more
To cheer our path on life's dull shore.

I LOVE THEE, SISTER!

There are many, many things I love,
In this bright world of ours;
The summer, with its singing birds,
Its sunshine and its flowers,
The broad and flowing river,
With moonlight on its wave,
And silent, holy stars that shine
On many a loved one's grave.

And dearly do I love to roam
Some dim old forest through,
Gazing in every shady nook
On something strange and new.

Or listen, at the evening hour,
To soft, sweet melody,
Breathed forth by plaintive voice or lute
Upon a summer sea.

And many, many things I've loved,
That were far too bright to last;
Yet will I love their memory,
Since they are gone and past.
And I love the bright, the good, the pure,
The beautiful, the free;
But oh, my greatest love I give,
My sister dear, to thee!

ACROSTIC.

This little gift I send to thee,
And may it ever cherished be.
Bright are its emblems, pure and sweet,
In all with love and joy replete.
Thus may thy heart with truth be fraught,
Happy and tranquil every thought.
And God, who all things bright hath given,
Through grace shall guide thee home to heaven.

THE SPIRIT CALL.

It is calling, it is calling,
From my rambles o'er the hill;
From the flowers I love to gather,
In the valley by the rill;

From the birds so sweetly singing,
In the tall, green forest tree;
From the mountain and the wildwood,
It is gently calling me.

It is calling, it is calling,
From the moonlight and the grove;
From the twilight hour so dreamy,
When the fancy loves to rove;
From the wild and billowy ocean,
And the bright skies sailing o'er;
From the beach of shells and pebbles,
And the path along the shore;

From the brooks so cool and shady,
Where the soft breeze wanders free,
Bearing on its wings the fragrance
Of the fresh and dewy lea! —
It is calling, it is calling,
From my toil and from my play;
In the freshness of life's morning
It is calling me away.

Oh! the spirit's voice is calling,
And I can no longer stay;
But to God, and to my Saviour,
It is calling me away.
It is calling, it is calling,
Death has fixed his rigid spell,
I am going, I am going;
Peace be with you — fare thee well.

OH! WHY DO WE WEEP FOR THE FLOWERS THAT DIE?

Oh! why do we weep for the flowers that die,
In their spring-time, glad and bright;
'Neath the sunny beam of a tranquil sky,
When the earth is full of light?
Why weep for the flowers that pass away!
E'er the storm and the tempest come;
E'er their hearts have been chilled by a wintry day,
With its shadows of care and gloom!

Is it better to live through weary years
Of sorrow, and toil, and strife—
Through the smiles and frowns, and the hopes and fears,
At best of this changing life?
And after each trial and bitter part
In its turn has been borne and past—
What then remains for the weary heart
But to sicken and die at last?

Then why do we weep for the flowers that fade
In the morn of their youth and bloom?
What tho' each hope of our hearts is laid
With them in the silent tomb?
What though we grovel in anguish here,
Unblest by their gentle love?
It will shine on us from a brighter sphere,
A beacon of hope above.

They have gone for us to prepare a way
Through the shadowy vale of gloom;
To be to our spirits a guiding ray,
And a kindly welcome home.
For the ties of earth grow dim and weak,
When we think of the lost and dear
That have gone before to the home we seek
And we long to meet them there.

Then why do we weep for the flowers that die
In their spring-time glad and bright,
'Neath the sunny beam of a tranquil sky,
When the earth is full of light?
Is it better to live through weary years
Of sorrow and toil and strife;
Through the smiles and frowns, the hopes and fears,
At best of this changing life?

MOTHER, THOU ART AT REST.

Thou art at rest, the summer sun is shining
  Bright o'er thy tomb;
The crimson prairie-rose in fragrance twining,
  And wild flowers bloom.
And high above the green grass, o'er thee growing,
  Tall, tall trees wave;
Their bending branches, dreamy shadows throwing
  Where streamlets lave.

Thou art at rest, and near thee light and fleetly
  The wild deer stray;
And birds, with plumage bright, are singing sweetly
  Through the long day.
And in the night the silent stars are shining
  Like angels blest;
And nature all things lovely seems divining
  To cheer thy rest.

But round thy grave no friend or loved one cometh
  To mourn or weep;
No stranger, with unheeding footstep, roameth
  Where thou dost sleep.
Far, far away from home and friends that love thee,
  In the far West;
With all things wild and lone, around, above thee,
  Thou art at rest!

TO ——.

Where did I see thee last?
Ah! it was in my dream, not long ago;
For now I think of it, full well I know
  That years, long years, have past
Since my eyes brightened as they gazed on thee,
And saw thy form in life's reality.

But I have dreamed of thee—
Dreamed thou wert with me, as thou wert of old,
Gentle and loving, not unkind and cold,
  And false to me.

So bright, so real, so beautiful it did seem,
That I could scarce believe it was a dream.

But now the vision 's fled,
And in my wakened heart I feel 'tis o'er,
And that on earth I ne'er shall see thee more;
  For ah! I know that thou art dead,
And at the thought I weep in agony,
Although, if living, thou wert lost to me.

Perhaps thou ne'er didst know
All, all the ruin that thy falsehood made,
How dark, how drear, how desolate the shade
  Of wretchedness and woe,
That fell upon my soul when first it proved
That thou wert faithless—that I was unloved.

But I must not repine
(Erring as I have been) against thee now.
Have I not sinned—aye, deeper far than thou—
  Wasting at mortal's shrine
The fond devotion that should have been given,
With a pure heart and willing mind, to Heaven!

Oh! the wild prayers and tears
Wrung forth in deep heart-bursting agony,
Unspeakable has been my misery!
  Thus, through long years,
Still to live on, when every hope is fled—
Still to live on, and know that thou art dead!

THOU ART GONE.

Thou art gone, and the charm of thy presence is o'er;
Thy voice's rich music can thrill me no more,
And the light of thy smile can no longer impart
The rays of its sunshine to gladden my heart.

Thou art gone, and I feel I can meet thee no more
With the deep fervent trust of the fond days of yore;
A cloud o'er my spirit hath shadowed its dream,—
There's a change in the current of life's peaceful stream.

Time was when I met thee with heart warm and free;
When each hope of my life was enwoven with thee;
But I have awakened, my dreaming is o'er,
The spell that hath bound me can bind me no more.

Farewell! tho' I cannot, I may not, forget:
Yet memory shall bring not a sigh of regret.
I shall think of thee, fickle and false as thou art,
And smile at the hopes that once flattered my heart.

WE MET ONCE MORE.

We met once more! we, who so sadly parted
With low-breathed vows of love and constancy,
And bitter tears that told how broken-hearted,
How desolate henceforth our lives must be:
We met once more.

We met once more! my arms were clasped around thee,
And my poor heart was fondly pressed to thine,
Joy, even joy, that I at last had found thee,
And, for a moment, thou wert wholly mine.
We met once more.

We met once more! but, all my fond caressing,
Awoke in thee no answering throb, or sign;
Thy cold lips murmured no responsive blessing,
And thy veiled eyes gave back no love to mine.
We met once more.

We met once more! and the long years of waiting
For thee were ended, and their anguish past,
The hope deferred, the longing, the regretting,
Crowned with eternal peace and rest at last.
We met once more.

SONG.

Do you hear the waters flowing,
As they ripple by the shore?
So my heart to thee is going,
Going out for evermore.
Do you hear the mystic murmurs,
And the melody they make?
So the spirit tones within me
Wake to love for thy dear sake.

Do you see the rosy morning
On the hills so far away?
So the light of love is dawning,
Dawning into perfect day.
There can be no shadows round me,
Wheresoe'er my footsteps stray,
Since the joy that I have known thee
Sheds its radiance o'er my way.

Thoughts of thee will ever cheer me,
Though in life or death thou art,
Though we part, thou still art near me,
Ever near me in my heart.
Though my hands should never press thee,
Still thou art my life, my crown;
And I love and ever bless thee,
Thee, my beautiful, my own!

TO A WITHERED WREATH.

These withered flowers! I gathered them
From many a shady nook
Beneath the forest's spreading tree,
And by the flowing brook.
I gathered them in childhood's hours,
And deemed them wondrous fair,
And felt my life was glad as theirs,
As free from toil and care.

I twined them in this little wreath
To place upon my brow,
With what delight and childish joy
I well remember now.
And o'er the fields, and through the wood,
I roamed with footsteps free,
And, up upon the steep hillside,
My laugh rang out in glee.

I know not how it is I 've kept
This garland thus so long;
'Twas one of many gathered there
Those hills and fields among.
But after long sad years are past,
And childhood 's fleeted by,
'Mid some old relics, thrown aside,
This garland greets my eye.

And tho' its flowers are withered now,
Yet still around it clings
A fragrance and a memory
Of brighter, happier things.
Of youthful home, and early friends,
And all the loves of yore,
The tender smile, and gentle word,
That bless me now no more.

For those dear friends I loved so well
Are gone with childhood's hours;
And all life's fondest, brightest hopes
Have withered, like these flowers.

And o'er this little wreath I bend,—
This wreath of childhood's day,
And weep to think that all things bright
So soon must pass away!

WE HAVE BEEN FRIENDS.

We have been friends since first we met,
Tho' months and years have flitted by,
And many a fond, bright hope has set
Forever in youth's summer sky.
Tho' days of absence, dark and drear,
And cold estrangement, we have known;
It only seems more firm and dear
The friendship of our hearts has grown.

We have been friends; tho' time has cast
His shadowy wing of changes o'er us,
And flowers of love, too frail to last,
Have withered on life's path before us.
Pleasure has bloomed, and in our joy
We 've shared alike the smiles of gladness;
Sorrow has brought us its alloy,
And we have wept the tears of sadness.

We have been friends through all the ill
Attendant on life's devious ways;
Forgiving, tho' remembering still,
The errors of less thoughtful days.

We have been friends, and still remain;
The calmer hopes of riper years
Serve but to lengthen out the chain
Thus wrought and linked with smiles and tears.

I DREAM OF THEE.

I dream of thee; tho' far away,
Tho' many years are past,
The love in youth I breathed to thee
Is faithful to the last.
I dream of thee; my bosom keeps
No memory like thine own,
The flame thy smiles enkindled once
No smoldering has known.

They tell me that another's love
Is twining round thee now,
That the light of hope and happiness
Is beaming on thy brow.
They say that thou hast all forgot
Those fond and early hours,
When life was like a summer day
Of music and of flowers.

'T is well to think it may be so,
Since we were doomed to part;
I would not have thee pine away
In weariness of heart.

I 'd rather know that thou art blest,
'T will cheer my saddened lot,
And yet, I wonder, can it be
That thou hast all forgot?

I REMEMBER.

I remember, I remember, an evening long ago,
When the moon was beaming brightly, and the ground was white with snow,
When my father and my mother, with the merry bells and sleigh,
Had gone to pay a visit, half a dozen miles away.

I know not how it happened that they left me home alone,
Nor why I felt so joyous for once, when they were gone.
For I did n't quite expect you, though you happened to drop in,
And surely, if you had n't, I should not have cared a pin!

You sat down for a moment, for you "had n't long to stay"!
And we soon began to wonder how the hours had passed away,
For I know we heard the jingle of the sleigh-bell at the gate,
And the clock was tolling midnight, ere we thought it "growing late."

My father and my mother, little thinking who 'd been
there,
Found me quietly a-dozing o'er my knitting by the fire,
And, until this hour, I 'm certain that it never has been
known
But that I spent that evening dozing quietly alone!

Full many snows have fallen, and the years have fleeted
fast,
And the memory of that evening seems a dim dream
of the past.
And a thousand cares have bound me with their sad
and weary spell;
Why so sad, and why so weary, I have not the heart to
tell.

But long I looked, and wondered why you never came
again,
Till my heart grew cold with waiting, and my head grew
sick with pain,
And the joys of youth departed, slowly, surely, one by one,
And the friends of youth deserted me; at last I am alone!

My brow is brown and furrowed and my hair is streaked
with gray,
And the light of hope and fancy from my life has
passed away,
But the memory of that evening and the marvel still
remain,
Why your promises were broken, why you never came
again!

THOU ART WITH ME IN MY DREAMING.

Thou art with me in my dreaming,
When the night comes o'er the skies,
And the stars, like angel watchers,
To their shining vigils rise.
Then thou comest in thy beauty,
From thy far-off home of bliss,
With thy soft eyes beaming fondly,
And thy low tones whispering peace.

Thou art with me in my dreaming,
And I clasp thee to my breast,
With thy white arms twined around me,
And thy cheek against me prest,
And my heart forgets its anguish,
And my eyes forget their tears,
And life resumes the brightness
That it wore in happier years.

Thou art with me in my dreaming,
But morning comes, alas!
And the forms of love and beauty
With my midnight visions pass.
Yet, they leave a sweet hope with me
That, when earthly dreams are o'er,
I shall be with thee in heaven,
To be parted never more.

OH, BEAR ME HOME!

Oh, bear me home,—to my childhood's home!
Where the zephyrs play and the wild flowers bloom;
Where the bright birds sing through the summer hours,
And the red rose gladdens the woodland bowers.
Where the moon shines bright, from her home on high,
And the stars gleam out through the clear blue sky.
I have seen no spot on earth so fair,
As my childhood's home, Oh, bear me there!

Oh, bear me home,—to my childhood's home!
I was happy there, ere I sought to roam,
Where the murmuring streamlets the green banks lave,
And the willows droop o'er my mother's grave;—
Where my brothers sported in early years,
And my sisters mingled their smiles and tears,
Where the dearest friends of my happy youth
Have passed away in their love and truth.

Oh, bear me home,—to my childhood's home,
And lay me there, in the silent tomb.
Years, since I left it, have fleeted by,
And now I return to it, but to die.
Aye, I return—how the glad tears start,
As the bright thought thrills through my dying heart!
But yet, it comes with a strange, sad spell,
And I know that it means a long farewell.

ON THE BANKS OF THE HUDSON.

Once more I stand beside thy stream,
Thou proud and glorious river!
And gaze upon thee, but to dream
Of loved ones, lost forever;
Of gentle hearts, whose joyous light,
The night of death hath shaded,
And eyes, whose smiles, once glad and bright,
Within the grave have faded!

And early years come thronging back,
With all their fond hopes lighted;
But bring no more, along their track,
The flowers of love, now blighted.
I gaze upon thy waves, alone,
All sad, and broken-hearted.
Alas! that thou shouldst still flow on,
When hopes have all departed!

FOR THEE I LEFT MY EARLY HOME.

For thee I left my early home,
Where passed my happiest hours,
The mountains, where the shadows roam,
The wild birds and the flowers.
The tall trees that look on the sky,
The moonbeams, soft and bright,
The breeze, that gently murmurs by
Throughout the summer night.

For thee I left my sister's smile,
My brother's kind caress,
Which did the pleasant hours beguile
With joy and tenderness.
For thee I left my mother's heart,
My father's deep, deep love;
Did from their fond endearments part,
With thee alone to rove.
Then do not ask me why I weep,
When thou art false and cold,
Or why, within my bosom, keep
Mem'ries that have grown old.

I know there 's many a weary thought
For me the live-long day,
And fond words, by affections wrought,
For me breathed far away.
I know that there are sighs, and tears,
And hearts, that still repine
The loss of pure and sinless years
That once, alas! were mine.

I know that there has fall'n a blight
Upon my happy home,
And, ne'er to cheer its darksome night,
May star of promise come.
And I, who caused the blight and tears,
The gentle hearts to mourn,
Must weep my agony of tears,
Far, far away, alone!

Then do not ask me why I weep,
Since thou art false and cold,
Or why, within my mem'ry, keep
Treasures that have grown old!

COME HOME, COME HOME.

Come home, come home! to one who sitteth lonely
And watcheth by the window thy return.
Of thee it is her soul is dreaming only;
For thee her heart, with anxious thought, doth yearn.

Come home, come home! for there are none to cheer her
While thou art absent, she is all alone.
No gentle heart, no loving one is near her,
To soothe the griefs that rise, when thou art gone.

Come home, come home! for silent tears are flowing;
The fever pain is on her throbbing brow;
Within her breast a thousand fears are glowing;
Her little strength is failing, fading now.

Come home, come home! oh, words so vainly spoken!
The heart grows weary with their murmuring sound.
The heart, so nearly crushed, 'twill soon be broken,
Since thou, its best, its only hope, art gone.

Come home! aye, slowly, in the quiet gloaming,
No lonely watcher listeneth for thy tread.
She, she, alas, will no more heed thy coming,
Hushed are the fond heart's yearnings with the dead.

Come home to weep! but she, who wakes thy sorrow,
May never soothe thy penitential tear.
Hers is the rest where dawns no care-fraught morrow,
Hers is the glory of the upper sphere.

MY THOUGHTS ARE ALL OF THEE.

My thoughts are all of thee, of thee,
My dark-eyed, darling one,
Tho' thou art far away from me,
Beyond the shining sun.
Thy home is in the spirit world,
Among the bright and blest,
While mine is on this weary earth,
'Mid sorrow and unrest.

'T is hard to see the only star
That made life's pathway bright,
And filled my soul with light and joy,
Go down in death's dark night!
'T is hard to know the love and pride
That my fond heart has known,
And feel that it was all returned,
And then, be left alone!

If I had never known thy love,
Nor felt thy soft, warm kiss,
I should not now thus weep and groan,
In agony like this!

Life's moments would have passed away
With little loss or gain,
And not dragged on, thus heavily,
In misery and pain.

Perhaps I was too proud of thee,
Or of thy beauteous clay;
It seemed so hard, that one, so fair
As thou, should see decay.
Still to thy fading form I cling,—
Thy form so cold and dead;
I cannot see the shining wings
Of the bright spirit fled.

A few more years,—how long they seem!
Ere I shall soundly sleep,
Close, close beside thy little grave,
Where churchyard shadows creep.
A few more years, ere we shall meet
Upon that far-off shore,
Where parting, anguish, and despair,
Can wound the heart no more!

TO MARIA.

Brightly love's halo, now,
Encircles thee in purity and truth;
Brightly, upon thy fair and sunny brow,
Is set the seal of innocence and youth.

Flowers bloom along thy path,
And joy goes dancing o'er the level way;
The adolescence of thy pure life hath
No care to mar the beauty of its day.

Thy summer skies are bright,
Thy wintry hours glide pleasantly along,
There is no gloomy shadow to thy night,
No sad tone in thy laughter or thy song.

Thou art supremely blest;
Blest in thy home, thy parents, and thy friends;
In the calm hopes that swell thy sinless breast,—
The choicest blessings Heaven to earth e'er sends.

Long be it thus, sweet friend,
Long, long remain undimmed, for thy dear sake,
The many joys that with thy being blend,
The household sunshine that thy brown curls make.

And, when thy life is o'er,
May thy pure spirit, from all earth-taint free,
Wing its glad way unto the fadeless shore,—
Relume its joy in immortality!

TO KATE.

Full many, many years, Kate,
Have flown since last we parted;
You, with a gay and mocking smile,
And I, quite broken-hearted.

Full many years have flown, Kate,
And changes there have been,
And much of good and much of ill
Both you and I have seen.

You know you scorned me then, Kate,
My boyish love you slighted,
And told me that your heart and hand
Were then already plighted.
But your laugh was cold and gay, Kate,
And when you said good-bye,
There was too much merry scorning
In your bright and happy eye.

I had bitter, bitter thoughts, Kate,
Altho' I loved you well,
I felt that you had wronged me,
And that wrong I could not tell.
You had tried to win a love, Kate,
That you knew you 'd ne'er repay,
And trifled with my heart awhile,
Then threw that heart away.

But I will not now upbraid, Kate,
Or one sad hour recall,
'Twas many, many years ago,
And I forgive you all.
For cares along your pathway
In dismal shadows grope,
And you have wept, as well as I,
O'er many a blighted hope.

Love's burning dreams and thrilling hopes
Have fled, with days of yore;
The faith, the trust of early years,
My heart can feel no more.
But if of all that 's past and gone,
One link, one gleam there be,
It is the memory of my love,
My first fond love for thee.

ON THE DEATH OF HATTIE E. KING.

Thou canst never be forgotten,
In the home thy smile made bright;
We miss thy prattling, bird-like voice,
Thy little footsteps light.
And oh! the agony of grief
With which our hearts are wild,
May never find relief on earth,
Our lost and angel child.

They said thou wert too beautiful,
Too prematurely wise,
That on thy glorious brow was set
The signet of the skies.
And early was the doom fulfilled,
And all our proud hopes riven;
But the sweet star, gone down on life,
Shines brighter now in Heaven.

Thou art gone home—thy little form has faded,
In all its beauty from the earth away;
And thy young brow, with scarce a sorrow shaded,
Beams purer still, 'neath Heaven's celestial ray.

Thou art gone home, on angel-pinions wending
Thy starry way among the realms above;
Thy gentle tones, with seraph-voices blending,
Singing the anthems of redeeming love.

Thou art gone home, gone home! Ah! never more
May time or change a shadow cast on thee;
Thine is the glory of that unknown shore,—
Thine the blest joy of immortality.

THE GRAVE HATH NOT DESTROYED THEE.

The grave hath not destroyed thee; bright and fair
Thy glad wings wander through celestial air;
And all the glories of thy brow and eye,
Live still the same, for they can never die.

The grave hath not destroyed thee; calm and blest,
Safe moored thy bark in Heaven's eternal rest;
Where songs of rapture echo sweet and clear,
Such only as immortal souls may hear.

The grave hath not destroyed thee; far away
From this dull earth, where mortals weep and pray,
Where Hope's pale roses blossom but to fade,
Thy home is gained, thy sure foundation laid.

The grave hath not destroyed thee; we shall meet
When earth no longer chains my weary feet,
Where "many mansions" glisten in the light
Of Heaven's own sunshine—where there comes no night.

Aye, we shall meet; peace—longing heart, be still!
Soon shalt thou find a balm for every ill;
Soon will thy sorrows cease, thy cares be o'er,
Eternal triumphs thine, on Heaven's bright shore.

WE HAVE LOST, BUT THOU HAST GAINED.

Through the last, long, weary day,
We have sorrowed o'er thy clay;
Watched and wept, the last long night,
They have borne thee from our sight,
And the wish will be in vain,
E'er to look on thee again.

Let us weep; but let it be
For our own sad lot—not thee.
Joys no more for us obtained—
We have lost, but thou hast gained.

We have lost the faithful guide,
On whose strength our own relied;
Lost the guardian of our youth,
Friend of long tried love, and truth;
Lost the sunshine of our home;
Lost the brightness and the bloom;
Lost the cheerful song at even;
Lost the counsel sweetly given;
Lost the voice that soothed each sorrow,
Teaching of a happier morrow;
Lost the heart that ever loved us—
Lost the smile that ne'er reproved us;
Lost the hand that wiped our tears;
Lost the hope of coming years—
Joys, for us no more obtained—
We have lost, but thou hast gained.

Thou hast gained thy endless rest,
In the mansions of the blest;
Thou hast gained that bright abode,
Where the pure in heart see God:
Gained thy starry crown immortal—
Gained the everlasting portal;
Disenthralled from death and sin,
Heard the welcome, "enter in,"
Where the living pastures grow,
Where the crystal rivers flow;
Where the kindred spirits stand,
Singing praise, at God's right hand;
Thou hast mingled with thine own,
In the presence of the throne!

O'er the grave and death victorious,
Thou hast reached thy home, all glorious;
Far from where earth's billows rage,
Thou hast gained thy heritage.

Let us weep—but let it be
For our own sad loss—not thee;
Joys no more for us obtained—
We have lost, but thou hast gained.

MY ONLY BOY.

Thou art not here, alas! I hear no more
The patter of thy footsteps on the floor;
Nor thy young voice that filled my heart with joy;
Thou art not here, alas! my only boy.

Thou art not here! In vain I look around,
No more thy playthings glisten on the ground.
All gathered up, and carefully laid by,
Lest they should chance to meet my weary eye,
Ah! needless forethought; can I less repine,
Tho' I behold no more what once was thine?
Is time more soothing? Do I miss thee less—
For seeing not thy little cap and dress?
Oh! no, there 's not an hour but brings to me,
How much, my darling, I have lost with thee;
The hopes far-reaching, even to old age,
That saw in thee their glorious heritage;

The lamps of light, along my pathway set,
That have gone out with thee—can I forget?

There 's not a sound that echoes round my hearth,
But brings me back thy baby joy and mirth,
There 's not a shadow falls within my door,
But brings to mind the one that falls no more.

I see the children in the street go by,
With health and pleasure sparkling in each eye;
I hear their voices in their childish glee,
And turn away to weep and think of thee.
To think of thee—to think how still and cold,
Thy little form lies in the churchyard mold,
Thy sweet voice hushed, thy wondrous beauty hid,
Within the grave, beneath the coffin lid.

Ah! weary heart, and dark and weary day,
When shall my tried soul e'er find strength to say,
"Thou knowest best, O God! thy will be done";
When shall my rest be found, my peace be won?

THE DYING MOTHER TO HER DAUGHTER.

I will come back again; I will be near thee,
Thy soul shall feel my presence and rejoice,
Dearest, be not afraid; thou needst not fear me,
Thou shalt not hear my footstep or my voice.

I will come back again; aye, I will linger
Around thee in the home I 've loved so well;
And sometimes I will press thee with my finger,
But thou shalt feel it only as a spell.

I will come back again; when thou art sitting
By our old window, on thy lonely chair,
The low-breathed zephyr 'gainst the casement flitting,
Shall tell thee softly, gently, I am there.

And when, at evening, thou art sadly singing
Those songs I 've listened to, with love and pride,
My spirit tone shall in the strain be ringing,
Unseen, unknown, I will be by thy side.

I will come back again; will follow ever
Where thou goest, with gliding step; and still
My spirit from thee, dearest, can not sever,
I will be near thee, guarding thee from ill.

I will come back again; I will be near thee,
Thy soul shall feel my presence and rejoice.
Dearest, be not afraid, thou needst not fear me,
Thou shalt not hear my footstep or my voice.

PAPERS READ BEFORE SOROSIS.

PAPER READ BEFORE COMMITTEE ON BUSINESS WOMEN.

I understand the question to refer particularly to business pursuits generally appropriated by men, or, in other words—What training is best to fit women to compete with men in the various callings and avocations of life?

It seems to me there can be but one answer to this question, and that is, give to girls the same training that is given to boys; release them from all household duties and accomplishments; strip them of all feminine grace and delicacy, and send them out into stores, workshops, and offices to learn the ways of trade and traffic. Business cannot be taught theoretically; if we would become proficient we must have practical knowledge, such as is gained only by close contact and personal experience. Now, you must not understand me to imply that women who are compelled to go out in the world

and earn their living are necessarily indelicate or unwomanly; remember we are speaking of their training and not of their necessities, and I insist it will be the *training* that will rub off the bloom and sweetness of womanhood, checking the natural aspirations of her heart for home, love, protection; changing the order of nature, and spoiling, so to speak, the "eternal fitness of things." It has always been conceded that home is the legitimate sphere for woman, that the fulfilling of its duties and responsibilities calls into exercise her highest and holiest attributes and gives full scope to her powers and capacities—that she can do more good, be more useful and happy, at home than anywhere else in the world. Of course, I am speaking of the ordinarily intelligent—the average woman, not the gifted one. The woman who can indite sermons, aye, and preach them too, the woman who can edit newspapers and magazines and write books, belongs to the world at large and cannot, nor should she, be restricted to the narrow circle of home. God has qualified such for a wider field of usefulness, and her ministrations and influences are shared alike by all. But these are women of genius, not business women, and their God-appointed work needs no special training to fit them for it, but rather their ability to perform springs from and is the outgrowth of their endowments. Nor would I disparage, in the least, the many women (alas, too many!) who are compelled to leave their homes, and go out into the busy marts to coin their heart's blood. They have my warmest sympathy, my highest esteem, who, stifling the cravings of their nature, grasp the iron hand of necessity and go forth to battle with an adverse fate;

and the fact that it is adverse, and that they feel it so, is one of the strongest arguments against the foregone conclusion implied by the question. You may say it is custom that makes it so—and I admit it does in a great degree—and you may alter the custom, and women may be trained just as men are trained to business. It can be done; but, after it is accomplished, what will woman have gained by the change? A little more independence and self-reliance perhaps, but what will she have lost? All, everything that makes and holds a woman sacred. The exclusiveness of her own thoughts and feelings; the sensitiveness and delicacy which make it the pride and glory of all true men to protect and care for her; the indulgence, the reverence, which make them careful how they speak her name; the influence of her home life more potent than any outside force she can exert. All this and more, incalculably more, will she have lost. And what will the world have gained by the change? Surely a pitiful sight, indeed—women dabbling in stocks, sitting in the exchanges, standing in the markets and on the wharves, attending auctions, canvassing for elections, and talking politics! And what will the world have lost? And what can you give as an equivalent for that loss? Will the strong-mindedness and "independence" compensate for the loving oversight of the household, the tender solicitude, the watchful care, the cherishing of helpless infancy and feeble age, the winsome, restful, welcoming angel by the fireside, which have blest the homes of all ages, ever since Eve first built her bower in the Garden of Eden, and which have proved the surest safeguard to the virtue and happiness of man-

kind? I am aware that I have strayed somewhat from the question and have directed my effort mainly at what the question implies—namely, that it is best that women should be trained to business. I trust Sorosis will pardon me. I knew there would be enough said as to the best method of such training, and I thought I should like to show you some of the inevitable consequences and ask if you were ready and willing to accept them.

QUESTION — *Have Modern Improvements Increased the Love of Home?*

PAPER READ BEFORE HOUSE AND HOME COMMITTEE.

The subject before us to-day is one of the most important we have ever attempted to discuss. Unpoetical it may be, giving little scope to fancy and affording little opportunity for display of rhetoric; but, involving as it does so much that is essential to health, happiness, and prosperity, presenting so many points of interest and opening up such a wide field for discussion, although we may begin at almost any point, we shall hardly know where to end. I shall commence with an advertisement — one of the many thousand to be found in the columns of our daily and weekly newspapers —" For sale or to let, a four-story, first-class brown-stone house, with all the modern improvements." Now these, I presume, are some

of the modern improvements referred to in the question, to which may be added the portable modern improvements which move in with the family — such as the cook, laundress, waiters, chamber-maid, seamstress, and child's nurse, together with the sewing-machine. Let us pause a moment, just here, and consider these modern improvements, what they are, and what their advantages or disadvantages may be.

First. In place of the candle or lamp burning upon the center table, round which the family used to gather in close companionship, to read or talk over the events of the day, we have now the gas, whose brilliant jets, shining like a sun overhead, illuminate all parts of the room and render any drawing together round a common center unnecessary, and also deprive us of the shadowy nooks to which we loved to retire for meditation and repose. Instead of the pleasant fire-place and cozy chimney-corner, where the children loved to nestle and con over their lessons or tell fairy tales by the firelight, there is now the heater in the cellar which sends forth heat — to say nothing of poisonous gases—to every portion of the house, so that one place is as warm as another. But even if one should feel chilled, what sense of warmth or comfort is there in drawing up to a dark-looking hole in the wall, or an unseemly coil of pipes? Then the water running everywhere, bright and sparkling, such a blessing and convenience — aside from the plumbing — what should we do without it? Surely there is no drawback to that: like the sewing-machine, it needs no commendation from us. As for the servants, whose number and variety are so indispensable to our elaborate customs and modes

of living — I will only say, whether they be reckoned as improvements or not, a little improvement in their case would not be amiss. To the question then, "Have Modern Improvements Increased the Love of Home"—judging from facts which are patent to all about us, I answer decidedly—no! On the contrary, if we look at the cities and towns where these improvements abound, and observe how many people there are who prefer boarding to housekeeping—how many women, who, if they keep house, keep on the outside as much as possible—how many men spend their leisure at their clubs and reading-rooms, we may reasonably conclude, that modern improvements have lessened the love of home rather than increased it; and I think I can show, strange as it may seem, they do exert an influence in the wrong direction. It is a law of our nature that whatever costs us the most effort to obtain we prize the most highly; and the effect or achievement our own hands or brains have wrought out, gives us the greatest pleasure. The simple flowers we have planted and trained, have watched and tended, are sweeter and dearer than the rarest exotics which the skilled gardener may produce for us. And the house or the room, whose order, cleanliness, and brightness are the result of our own exertion, yields us the most satisfactory delight. This law which operates everywhere and in everything, whether consciously or unconsciously, is very readily explained by the fact of magnetic relationship. By manipulation and supervision we come into personal contact with things—a relation is established—we act upon them, they react upon us; we impart to them a portion of our individuality, so to speak—

they become a part of ourselves — our very own; hence, the feeling of oneness, the indentifying of one's self with surroundings. Nor does this magnetic force react only upon the person from whom it emanates — it impresses itself upon others, upon friends and loved ones; it enhances for them the value of the smallest things and renders sacred and beautiful the humblest dwelling. It is all-powerful, all-enduring, and remains ofttimes a living presence, making itself felt and recognized long after its visible agent has departed. It was this personal magnetism which so strongly pervaded the homes of olden times, and held the possession of the homestead through generations, sacred to the family. Of course, then, it follows that the deeper the interest we take in our homes, the more time and attention we bestow upon them, the more will they become imbued with our spirit and character, and the stronger and closer will be the reciprocal relation. And just so far as modern improvements are allowed to forestall and supersede this personal contact and oversight, just so far do they tend to weaken the cord of sympathy and attraction which binds us to our homes. Now, I do not assert that this is a necessary or legitimate consequence upon modern improvements, but, I do say they have been allowed gradually to bring about this result. The mistress of the family has relinquished, little by little, her duties and responsibilities. She has receded, step by step, from the labor of the household, until she has come to have little or no control in its management, and the daughters have followed the example of the mothers. Having nothing to occupy them at home, they resort to various methods of killing time which hangs so

heavily on their hands. They go shopping and promenading; they visit places of amusement and entertainment, and the wholesome desire for occupation is supplanted by a feverish and insatiable craving for novelty and excitement; and everything that savors of natural and healthful employment, becomes irksome and stupid. Bridget reigns supreme in the kitchen, the nursery, or wherever she has engaged to preside. Thus the magnetism of home is composed of foreign and unnatural elements. What wonder the members of the family are not attracted by it?

While all this is to be deplored and deprecated, let it not be understood that women are answerable for it; the conditions which have led to this state of affairs could have produced no other results. Take, for example, the first-class brown-stone house, to which I alluded in the beginning of my paper, and what do we find? Owing to the value of land, it is built on the smallest possible area, and raised up four and five stories in the air, making up in altitude what it lacks at the base. The kitchen is placed down under ground, in most cases dark and gloomy as a dungeon. On the first floor are located dining and reception rooms, while in the upper stories are to be found the sitting and sleeping apartments of the family. The mistress, if she would properly oversee her housework, must either spend a great portion of her time in the lower regions with Bridget, or live in an almost constant state of ascending and descending an incline of forty or fifty feet. The former is not to be thought of, and the latter, with the heavily flounced and trained dresses which fashion imposes, soon wears out health and

spirits, and she gives up, sick in body and soul. She cannot ask her daughters to assume the cares and vexations which have imbittered her own existence, and so they grow up totally deficient in housewifely qualifications. More than this, they learn to consider these qualifications unsuitable and degrading. And so we have drifted with the tide of fashion and popular sentiment out among the whirlpools of luxury, extravagance, idleness, and folly. The demands of society, the requirements of the high grade of culture and refinement to which the present age has attained, and last, but not least, the construction of our houses with all the paraphernalia of ceremony and parade for appearance' sake—all these, and much more, have combined to strengthen and deepen the current which is bearing us so far away, almost out of sight from the safe harbor of home life and home love.

PAPER READ BEFORE THE COMMITTEE ON LITERATURE.

The present age is emphatically an age of literature—the world is almost inundated with books—everything has been writen about—every subject has been discussed, until there is scarcely any new thing to be said. In these days of the printing press and telegraph, and the abundant supply of paper, the promulgation of facts and ideas is accomplished with marvelous facility, and we can little realize the difficulties under which the literature of the

ancients was produced, nor appreciate the slow, laborious processes that were necessary for the recording of a single event; and we may well suppose whenever it was undertaken it was a labor of love. The art of writing even, at first, was unknown — thoughts were transmitted by symbols or characters cut on tablets of stone, and later written on papyrus, the inner bark of a plant of the rush species that grew in the valley of the Nile and other tropical countries. This was superseded in the latter part of the seventh century by parchment made from the skins of animals, particularly sheep and goats. This was very durable, and some of it must have been exceedingly fine, for Cicero tells of seeing a copy of the Iliad written on parchment so fine in texture that it was contained in a nut-shell. Some of the ideas thus expressed are grand and sublime beyond description, and we wonder how mortal minds could have conceived them unless they were inspired. Take, for example, the writings of the early Greeks and Romans, and we are charmed by sentiments of transcendent beauty that were inscribed three thousand years ago. We cannot, after all, give ourselves credit for much that is new or original. Most of our speculations and inventions have been, probably, wrought out by some scheming brain in long-past centuries, and wise men, in deciphering the hieroglyphics of tribes whose very names have vanished from the earth, have been startled by their evident allusion to some art or science supposed to have been but recently discovered. I shall not attempt to go into detail, nor speak of any particular branch of literature — the subject is too vast for the limits of one short paper, even if I were capable of doing it justice, which I

am not. I shall only refer to the fact that literature generally bears the impress, and is a true indicator of the tastes and character, of the age and people to which it belongs, and by it a very fair estimate can be formed of their grade and quality in the scale of being. Races that have long since become extinct have left evidences of their combative dispositions emblazoned on pillars of stone—a succession of terrible conflicts and triumphal marches, the pomp and paraphernalia of war; hence we conclude they were aggressive, tyrannical, and cruel, and we speak of them as warlike and barbarous. Others seem to have been extremely gross and sensual, and their carnal nature has impressed itself upon the world in lewd, voluptuous pictures, by which we understand they were immoral and licentious. Others seem to have found their chief delight in fanciful and unreal objects—every cloud had its God, every grove its presiding spirit, deity, or demon; every stream of water its naiad; and their literature is characterized by a romance and beauty that must ever remain fresh and attractive. Thus we learn that the predominant traits of people are those which impress themselves most powerfully and enduringly; that which is held in highest esteem will receive the most attention, and the objects most loved and revered will be preserved the longest, and, though these nations may not have been all warlike, nor all sensual, nor all imaginative, yet it is quite certain that these motives were the strongest that actuated them, and culminated in their most enduring memorials. Of course, what is true of nations is no less true of societies and individuals, and men and women may be very correctly judged by their literature, whether

they produce it themselves or encourage its production by their demands. Considered then in the light of a criterion or standard by which we may be judged, the literary committee of Sorosis occupies a very important position and should be guided and controlled by the most careful wisdom. Let its efforts show that our aims are high and worthy; that whatever is pure, true, and good; whatever is best for humanity; whatever promises advancement and progress toward the right, meets with our hearty sanction and approval; that our endeavors are to aid, to strengthen and encourage one another, and to do all the good we can. In the past we have had everything to be proud of; no pen of Sorosis has ever written anything we could wish to erase, and in the future we have only to be true to ourselves and to our pledge, and we shall prove that the flowers of Sorosis are love, harmony, zeal, prudence, and its fruit a pure, wise, and noble womanhood.

PHILANTHROPY.

Philanthropy is a word of broad and comprehensive significance; it does not mean simply alms-giving, though it is often so interpreted. Like its sister words "Benevolence" and "Charity," it covers the range of motives as well as actions, and implies *being good* as emphatically as *doing good.* In the present state of society, when so much is on the surface and so little at heart, when the chief aim

of almost everybody is to outdo his neighbor; when the dividing line between right and wrong is so vaguely defined, and people are moral or immoral, liberal or illiberal—whichever in their estimation is most popular or expedient; under such circumstances, it may not be wise to question motives too closely or even question whether there be any motives at all. But, for the sake of the Philanthropic Committee of Sorosis, which is somewhat in doubt as to the proper mode of procedure, we shall endeavor to consider briefly what philanthropy is, and what some of the motives are, which, although base coin, pass current for pure gold. Philanthropy is love—love for mankind in general, love for all humanity. It is the purest, holiest attribute of the soul, the mainspring of all noble and worthy deeds, the soil in which all virtues take deepest root. It manifests itself in mercy, tenderness, forbearance, kindness, patience, humility, and good-will; in a desire to help and benefit our fellow-men, and do all we can. The heart that possesses this quality can harbor no rancor or malice, no revengeful or vindictive feeling, no malevolence or envy, no arrogance or hatred. By this analysis we see that philanthropy and liberality are not synonymous—that an individual may be truly philanthropic and never have it in his power to bestow a single dollar in alms, while another may be liberal, even to prodigality, and not possess a particle of philanthropy.

The motives that prompt to giving are so various, and sometimes so strange and absurd, and there is generally so little of the spirit of honest charity in them, that we may well pause to inquire where the virtue is, and whether it be productive of any blessing either to donor

or donee. The traveler who throws a handful of small change to the beggars who beset his path and mutters his execrations against them at the same time, is surely not actuated by any feeling of compassion or sympathy; he finds it the easiest mode of ridding himself of an annoyance, and gives his pennies upon the same principle that he would give cuffs or kicks, could he do so with an equal amount of personal safety. The men or women who endow some charitable institution of which they know little and care less, but who do so because it is creditable, and that they may gain the name of being people of large and generous means; who, having more money than they can spend on themselves, are willing to pay for a notability they could not otherwise obtain and thus gratify their own vanity and ambition—the love that impels such persons is self-love, not the love of humanity; the desire to exalt and magnify themselves, not to better the condition of the unfortunate. Then there are those who make donations because others do. I know a man who gave a hundred dollars to a society for which he had not the least respect! When questioned as to his reasons for so doing he replied — "Well, the Colonel and Jack and Charlie who were with me each gave a hundred dollars, and I did not wish to be outdone by them!" So he gave his money, although he knew it would not be applied to the purposes for which it was solicited.

Some give through fear — a sort of entrance fee into heaven. Subscribers to church funds are largely made up of this class. Others give because they have not the moral courage to say *No;* and still others, through indifference or recklessness, having no idea of the value of

money, give it away or throw it away, as chance may occur. And so we might go on, illustrating cases, but enough has been shown for our present purpose. We are commanded to feed the hungry and clothe the naked, but we are commanded to do this in love. St. Paul says: "Though I give all my goods to feed the poor, and my body to be burned, and have not charity (love), I am but as sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal."

And now, just here, let me ask, do we love? Is it possible for us to love or even respect the forlorn, destitute, and wretched mortals who appeal to us for food and clothing? Are the hands that are extended to us, only to grasp favors, agreeable or pleasant objects in our sight? And is there not a better and truer way of fulfilling the divine injunction than that of mere giving—better, because more effectual and far-reaching in its results? Let us see. The Creator has given to every living creature the power and the means of taking care of itself after a certain age, and providing for its own wants, paternal instinct, of course, supplying the deficiency of that power during infancy. The beasts of the field, the fowls of the air, fishes and creeping things, all are endowed with this God-given faculty, and, if left to themselves, will secure their own subsistence. Why should any portion of mankind be the exception to this rule? Remember, I am not speaking of idiots, or of the insane—in their case the necessity for alms-giving is apparent—but I am speaking of the thousands and thousands of human beings who ought to take care of themselves and provide against sickness, misfortune, and old age, but who prefer to sit down supinely in rags and filth, transgressors

of a law both human and divine. The causes which produce their condition may be summed up in two words—indolence and thriftlessness; they are too indolent to labor or put forth any exertion, or too thriftless to take care of anything they may possess. And so they drift along, sinking lower and lower in the depths of poverty and degradation, till almost every human attribute is smothered or destroyed, and the impress of the Creator nearly obliterated. Now, if we can raise some of these abject ones out of the torpor of their wretchedness—if, by words of cheer and encouragement, we can rouse the dormant faculties of their humanity and incite in them a disposition of industry and thrift, showing them that it is their duty as well as their privilege to be independent and self-reliant, and stand among their fellows objects of esteem and regard rather than of loathing and contempt —in thus helping them to provide for and take care of themselves, shall we not, most truly and efficiently, "feed the hungry and clothe the naked"? And by rescuing even one such fallen one, shall we not confer more real good upon society and the world than he who feeds a hundred paupers daily on soup? In the first case, there is no estimating the amount of benefit conferred which may extend even to future generations; while in the latter the relief is transient, and the good resulting therefrom questionable. There are, doubtless, many among us whose loving hearts would fit them to do brave work in the cause of humanity, but they shrink from undertaking any reformatory measures because of the magnitude of the task and the inadequacy of the means: there is so much to be done and so little to do it with.

Can we few women, with no money, no influence, not even time at our disposal — can we do anything toward removing this mountain of pauperism which enlarges its proportions daily? We can, at least, hold ourselves in readiness to do what may come in our way, to speak the kindly word and lend the helping hand; and though our benefactions may be limited, though we may not, like John Howard, regenerate a whole township; or, like Elizabeth Fry, reform prisons and asylums, or conduct our philanthropic schemes on so grand a scale as did Florence Nightingale and Dorothy Dix, still, with earnest purpose and sincere hearts, we need not lack opportunity or fail to obtain the blessing attendant upon right endeavor. And we shall prove that the noblest philanthropy, the truest charity, is to persuade people to help and care for themselves, so that they, by their experience and example, may guide and inspire others, and thus perpetuate the good work.

ANOTHER PAPER ON PHILANTHROPY.

I had hoped to read before you to-day a paper on the work and method of a representative philanthropic woman of America. For this purpose I have made several efforts to see or communicate with Mrs. Elizabeth Thompson; have spent considerable time in trying to find her; have visited several places where she had been known to reside, and at length finding her last abiding

place in the city, learned that she was with her brother in New Hampshire, and intended remaining there all the fall. I wished to obtain from Mrs. Thompson herself an account of what she has accomplished in the way of philanthropy, and which, of all her many efforts, has been productive of the most satisfactory results. Of course, we have all read in the newspapers of Mrs. Thompson's benefactions, and have gained from her personal friends many items of information, but I should prefer not to bring you any second-hand statements, and am therefore obliged to forego my paper. With regard to the question, "What are the philanthropic needs of New York?" I think there is one thing quite certain—we do not need any *more* philanthropy; a little less, judiciously applied, would produce a much better state of affairs than exists at present. The fact that about three million dollars are annually expended in public, to say nothing of private charities, will hardly admit of any improvement in quantity, whatever may be said as to quality. I believe one-half that sum, honestly and wisely invested, would, in a few years, clear our streets of paupers and our jails of criminals. The fact that pauperism and vice are increasing at a fearful rate every year proves conclusively that there is something radically wrong in the management of affairs relating to them. I am inclined to think if there were less politics and a little more conscientious regard for *right* in this matter it would be a very long step toward improvement. What we want is *law*, rigorously enforced, that will provide for all children whose parents or guardians are unfitted,

either by drunkenness or vice, to rear them properly. Let there be asylums established and such children sought out and placed in them, so they shall, at least, have the chance of becoming useful and respectable members of society. What can human beings know of decency or morality who have been brought up in dens of filth and vice — who have been taught to beg and steal for a livelihood. What opportunity have they to do more than swell the host of paupers and criminals? By taking care of the children we shall strike at the root of this gigantic evil, and the growth of beggary and crime will receive a permanent check.

We want, first of all, wise and good legislation. We want men whose love of humanity is greater than their love of party, and whose souls are large enough to rise above the quagmire of political influence and purposes. We want people who will pause long enough to think where all this corruption and iniquity are tending, and how great will be the destruction that will surely overtake our country unless we stem this tide of wickedness and misery. We are a liberal people; there is no city in the world more prompt and munificent in its liberality. We give and give; there is no end of our giving; and yet our streets are swarming with beggars, and our doors are beset with the vagrant and destitute. We pay taxes enough, not only to provide for all these, but to provide for them in such a way that destitution shall decrease rather than increase. We pay taxes enough to have all the departments of our city government properly administered; but all the money in the world cannot

obtain for us honest and good legislation, though, paradoxical as it seems, it will, and very often does, procure for us that which is corrupt and bad.

Well, what can we do about it? What can one person or one hundred do? What can a few right-minded people accomplish against all the wickedness, indifference, and selfishness in the world? They must do what they can. They must use all the powers which God has given them. If they can write and have the privilege of the press, let them publish their thoughts on the subject. If they can speak in public, let them make the platform a means of appealing to the masses and awakening them to a sense of their responsibilities. Let us use all the influence we possess, whether great or small, toward the furtherance of a better and wiser scheme of philanthropy.

A PAPER ON PHILANTHROPY.—1876.

The question for discussion to-day has been selected with a view to ascertain whether there be any practical use for your Committee on Philanthropy, and, if there be, to decide, if possible, what it is. In some of the past years the committee has done a great deal of good, or has helped others to do good—which amounts to the same thing—and it is our earnest wish that, under the banner of Sorosis, much more of good may be accomplished during this Centennial year. How far our efforts may extend, or what direction they may take, we ask you to

help us to decide. We shall be glad of any suggestions, and willing to adopt any plan that may seem feasible or best. "Where there 's a will there 's a way," and Sorosis, being a woman, has certainly the will, and can surely find the way. In order to set in motion the wheels for the accomplishment of our desire, we have canvassed the various modes and means of benevolence in this city, to see if, in all the vast structure of charitable work, we could find one empty corner or vacant niche, wherein to lay the foundation-stone, on which to rear a humble column to Sorosis; and we confess ourselves somewhat dazed and bewildered at the very outset of our endeavors by the long catalogue of charities which is presented to us, and it would seem almost a work of supererogation to attempt to do anything, where so much is already being done.

There are at the present time, in the city of New-York, no less than eighty-three public charitable institutions, and about two and a half millions of dollars are annually paid out of the public treasury for their support, besides half as much more which is obtained from other sources. In addition to these there are forty-one benevolent societies, supported by churches and individuals, at an approximate expense of half a million dollars, and each and all of them seem to be doing a thriving business in their peculiar line. There are homes for the homeless of all races, ages, and sects; asylums for infants, schools for girls and boys (I do not mean our public schools), associations for young men and young women, hospitals for the sick, "Sheltering Arms" for the friendless, and "Helping Hands" for those who need help; in fact,

there seems to be nothing wanting, but yet, notwithstanding this, our basement-doors are beset with beggars, and one cannot walk a block in the street without encountering the outstretched hand and pleading eyes of some applicant for alms.

The question very naturally arises just here—Why is this? Is there so much destitution that four million dollars annually cannot relieve it; or do the various schemes of benevolence tend to increase rather than diminish pauperism? This question is an important one, and the solving of it satisfactorily may afford us the keynote to our own undertaking.

Let us inquire if the poor are willing, in all cases, to avail themselves of these facilities for help, and if they are not, let us discover the reason. There is always more or less complaint of the ingratitude and lack of appreciation on the part of those who are the recipients of charity, and many kind-hearted persons are discouraged and deterred from taking part in any philanthropic work, on account of the thanklessness of the task. Their idea of the matter is, that the more they do the more they may, and after doing all they can, those they have helped are only dissatisfied.

This is too true, and I am sorry to add, there is often good reason for dissatisfaction. When we consider how rarely the benevolent heart and the dispensing hand are combined in the same person, and how seldom those who receive benefactions are brought in contact with their benefactors, except through the medium of hired agents whose only interest in either party is the receipt of their own salaries, and who frequently have no higher estimate

of duty and responsibility than can be resolved into loaves and fishes for themselves; when we consider the reports that reach us from time to time of inhumanities perpetrated by overseers of the poor, of sick people neglected, of destitute and friendless ones insulted and ill-treated, of little children barbarously punished for trivial offenses, and if, as we have reason to fear, these reports be true, we need not wonder that benevolence is often shorn of much of its virtue and all of its grace by the harsh and unfeeling manner of its administration, or that the needy often prefer the certainty of their own wretchedness rather than that which may be contingent upon the relief afforded by so-called charitable institutions. Do not understand us as wishing to disparage charitable work, for we know it is accomplishing a great deal of good; at the same time, four million dollars annually ought to and would accomplish a far greater amount of good if only a little more love and solicitude were invested with the capital. How this want is to be supplied, we are quite unable to determine; times are hard, but hearts are harder, and if we were going to found a benevolent society, we should doubtless find it much easier to obtain the needful money than the needful sympathy; not that sympathy is less abundant than money, being a principle —a primordial element of some human souls—it can neither be sold nor exchanged nor delegated, hence, it often remains locked up in a kind heart, with no opportunity for usefulness. In other words, we can give our money to be used by any one, but we must use our sympathy ourselves. Very few who possess this attribute in a high degree, who are merciful, just, and kind, and

who seem to be fitted by nature to take care of the wayward and unfortunate, very few such persons are able to bestow either time or attention on the subject; they are too much engrossed by their own pursuits, their families, their business, their pleasures even absorb all their energies; so they give their money instead, which too often goes to provide beef for the superintendent and broth for those whom he superintends.

In all cases where philanthropists have given to their work their personal supervision, the highest and most permanent results have been achieved. While their bounty has relieved, their kindness and influence have inspired and redeemed; the internal condition has been improved, without which external improvement is fleeting and transitory. Especially is this true with regard to children; in this direction, if in no other, philanthropy has a broad and promising field for operation. To be sure, there are a great number of harvesters already at work, and they have done and are doing nobly, but the harvest is very abundant and all who wish may gather in their sheaves. Nor is its abundance greater than its importance; it contains the germ of fearful possibilities, I had almost said probabilities.

When we think of the thousands of children swarming in our streets, begging at our doors, sleeping in cellars and alley-ways, growing up untrained and uncared for, to swell the tide of vice and misery and fill our prisons and poor-houses in years not very far distant; when we remember that as good or evil predominates, the glory and prosperity or the shame and ruin of a nation are established, it behooves us to look to it and see that

we do our part toward developing aright the human resources of our country. Shall we not then make an attempt in this direction—a beginning, even if it be ever so small—toward the founding of a home or refuge for friendless children, under the auspices of Sorosis?—an institution that shall become identified with us, grow with our growth and strengthen with our strength, and be our own. Or, shall we enter into a coalition, if we can, with the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, and assist in providing for the little waifs that are rescued? These are some of the plans we have considered, and something of this kind we should like to do, but whatever we may decide upon, let us concentrate our efforts in one direction and not expend them on desultory objects.

A BRIEF PAPER ON TROUBLE. READ ON "SCIENCE DAY."

Though I do not claim for my subject the dignity of being scientific, and though you are all, doubtless, as familiar with it already as you wish to be, and may feel for it more or less that indifference or contempt which is bred of familiarity, still, the commonest things of our life are the most important, and the experiences which come to us every day, the difficulties and obstacles which meet us at every step, involve questions as to their relation and uses in the economy of our being, which may not be

unworthy the consideration of even a Committee on Science.

Worcester defines the word "Science" simply as—"Knowledge—What one knows," and certainly there is no knowledge under the sun so universal as the knowledge of trouble. Everybody knows trouble; we are born to it as the "sparks fly upward"; it is the inheritance of every human being—a birthright which cannot be bartered for any mess of pottage. True, its proportions depend very much upon the glass through which we view it, and whether it be light as a feather or overwhelming and crushing as a mountain in weight, is due chiefly to the amount of philosophy and patience applied at the other end of the scale. I shall not attempt to describe or analyze the constituents of trouble, for it is so protean in its nature, so endlessly diverse in its characteristics and attributes, and appears so differently to each individual, that its component parts depend wholly upon its possessor. I might give you my idea, my interpretation of it, but my next-door neighbor would most likely exclaim, "What! do you call that trouble? Why, if I had only *that*, I should think I had nothing in the world of which to complain." It has a wonderful faculty of shrinking when looked at by neighborly eyes, and we learn to bear with extreme fortitude the troubles of others!

In the matter of trouble, as in everything else, there is great variety of taste and opinion. Our power of appreciation is governed by circumstances, and what some would consider a great affliction, others might esteem a positive blessing. For instance, how many are there whose *great* trouble is poverty (I do not mean destitution), and who,

in their eager yearning after things beyond their reach, turn the sweet fountains of health and zest and freshness into the bitter channels of repining discontent? While on the other hand, many a poor soul, sick and satiated with luxury and splendor, worn out by the exactions and vexations of wealth and position, feels that his burden is heavier than he can bear, and would most gladly relinquish it if he could. In whatever shape trouble presents itself, and whatever may be its compensatory adjuncts, we are marvelously inclined to see only the hard side and believe ours to be the worst in the world.

Then, too, the manner of treating trouble varies quite as much as our views regarding it. While some consider it sacred, to be kept entirely to themselves, and talked about only when necessary and then just as little as possible, feeling it an unwarrantable intrusion on their privacy when any one alludes to it, others hold theirs as public property; they proclaim it upon the house-top; everybody is made acquainted with it; they seem to take special pride in exhibiting the skeleton, keeping it on full dress parade all the time and taking it about on all occasions, as though it were the most interesting and admirable thing in the world.

Some again really seem to love trouble; it becomes to them a necessity, a second nature as it were; they cannot get along without it, and rather than not have any, they will borrow it.

Trouble may be divided into three classes, viz.: real, imaginary, and self-imposed. By real trouble I mean that which has some visible foundation. The other two, I hardly need say, are by far the most prevalent and

popular, and comprise a large proportion of the "ills which flesh is heir to." Of imaginary trouble I shall say very little, for, notwithstanding its importance to its possessor, and the uneasiness it produces, there is really no basis upon which it can be considered. But self-imposed trouble—that which individuals bring upon themselves in manifold ways and shapes—the pain, sickness, and weakness; the loss of friends, of means, and of reputation, this can all be reasoned out and explained as the inevitable result of the law of recompense—the legitimate consequence of disregarded rules. Salutary, though bitter, are the lessons it teaches to those who are profited thereby, and few can estimate the good that has been thus wrought out, the pricks and pangs of an awakened conscience roused to a sense of its own wrong-doing and turned from its downward course, by realizing the sure effects of this providential law. But whatever our troubles may be, and however they may seem to the eyes of the world, they are, nevertheless, very earnest and very serious to ourselves. The fact that our bane may be another's blessing does not make it any the less our bane; nor are the burdens which press so heavily upon us any the less wearisome because others may carry them more easily.

Every heart knows its own sorrow and is most capable of appreciating it. But whence come these ills and sorrows? And why these conflicts and trials—this vast array of troubles with which we are so sadly familiar? In a world where everything discloses intention and design—where the smallest atom has its place and the meanest attribute its use—is trouble alone purposeless and void?

Has it no other significance than that of torture and punishment? Or is it a method whereby the soul is trained and molded for its higher destiny — the ennobling and purifying agency which exalts and lifts us above the narrow limits of our selfishness and prejudice into broader conceptions and truer knowledge? As the body is developed by exercise and labor into strength and vigor, into grace and symmetry of form, as the mind expands by education and culture into broad and comprehensive intelligence, into appreciation and power, so the soul, under the discipline of conflict and trial — under the crosses and losses it must bear — grows strong and brave and self-reliant, serene in its integrity and trust, beautiful in its all-embracing love and sympathy.

And shall we not, when looking back from some high stand-point, along the steep and toilsome way our feet have climbed — shall we not recognize as chief among the influences which have guided and led us thither, the stepping-stones by which we have ascended — that which, on this lower plane, we knew as *Trouble?*

PAPER READ ON "SCIENCE DAY." QUESTION—"IS ANTHROPOLOGY THE GREATEST OF THE SCIENCES?"

Pope says: "The proper study of mankind is man"— and, I will add, the greatest study of mankind is man. The fact that he is the highest, the most perfect of all

created beings; that he has powers and attributes which nothing else in the world possesses; that his capacity is forever enlarging, so that no limit can be set to his possibilities, places him at the head of the grandest problems of the universe, and all questions concerning him are, and must be, of the utmost importance. Indeed, all questions, whether on terrestrial or celestial subjects, culminate, so to speak, in man, and bear their greatest significance in their relation to him.

The astronomer gazes through his telescope at distant stars, and, by making calculations with infinite pains, resolves them into systems of suns with planets and satellites, analyzes and declares the elements of which they are composed. What is it concerning them that most interests and sustains him through long years of midnight toil? — what but the thought that those far-off orbs are worlds like ours inhabited by man?

The bones of mammoth beasts now extinct, exhumed from cavernous depths by the relic-hunter or antiquary, may excite our wonder as we gaze upon their gigantic proportions and imagine how terrible those animals must have been, roaming at large through the primeval forest; but they sink into utter insignificance beside the little skull of the drift man, and the simple stone instrument with which he wrought or fought his way through life.

That prehistoric man, what curiosity we feel concerning him! With what intense avidity we gather up the proofs and evidences of his existence! That he did exist we know, for we have found his bones and some of the implements with which he labored. These, with some rude characters cut upon a few stones, which may or may

not relate to him, and which are wholly unintelligible to us, are all the traces we have of him. But there is evidence of prehistoric man more positive and potent than skull or hatchet—evidence not only that he existed, but that at some time during the unknown æons of the past he had attained to a very high degree of intellectual power, so great that it has left an impress upon subsequent ages that will endure till the end of time. But of this I shall have more to say further on.

As in man's physical structure are combined all the material elements that have preceded him in creation, so in his soul are enshrined all the spiritual forces of the universe. That all-pervading, progressive, creative power, which is the immortal spirit in nature, culminates in man, and becomes a conscious individualized entity, endowing him, not only with individualized existence, but also with individualized immortality and progressiveness. He is the child of the infinite, the heir to a vast inheritance, an epitome of the past, a presager of the future.

Proceeding, therefore, on this basis, taking for granted that anthropology is the greatest of all the sciences, I shall endeavor to lay before you, in my crude, imperfect manner, a few thoughts called to mind on the subject—crude and imperfect indeed—I feel I should ask your pardon in the beginning for venturing to express ideas upon a subject with which you are all better acquainted, probably, than I am; still there are some points allied to the question which I have pondered over long and deeply, and which we might discuss with mutual benefit, namely, the origin of man and the length of time he has existed upon the earth. These are questions which few will

undertake to solve; but we need not hesitate to express our thoughts regarding them, for let us remember that the grandest ideas concerning them are only theories, and the soundest conclusions are based only on uncertainty. The ethnographer tells us about the different nations of mankind, and classifies them into various tribes and races according to the shade of their complexion or their geographical habitat. The ethnologist tells us of their manners and customs, their peculiar traits of character and disposition, the attributes which they possess, and the inferences which may be drawn from them. But they deal with man as he exists, or has existed, within historic bounds. The question as to when and how he originated, from whence he came and whither he is tending, is as undecided to-day as it was a thousand years ago.

True, many scientists — Darwin, Huxley, and others — have speculated upon the subject with a view of solving the question. They have traced man through various ramifications of animal existence down to the primitive cell or protozoa. This, they tell us, is the beginning of all organized life; that from this little cell is evolved all the forms and forces that move upon the face of the earth, "in the heavens above or the waters under the earth." From this soft, jelly-like mass, which seems to be as formless and featureless as the water in which it exists, they lead us up through the crustacean, citacean, amphibian, marsupial, to the simia — a species of the latter being, as they suppose, the progenitor of the human race.

Now, I am not inclined to quarrel with this theory. Upon the whole, it explains the method — mark you, *the*

method—of creation, as well, if not better, than any other. If Mr. Darwin will grant me all I claim for the *spiritual* element in nature, I am willing to accept the *material*, which is of secondary importance. I claim for this creative power or force — this spirit "that sleeps in the stone, dreams in the animal, and wakes in the man"—intelligent design and ability to execute in accordance with that design. I claim there can be no blind chance in any of the developments of the universe, but that there is an all-seeing, predetermining, infinite will, working out its own plans agreeably to its own laws. I claim that all inferior manifestations are for a purpose,—means to an end,—and that purpose, that end, is man. Progression is the law of the physical universe; why not of the spiritual also? Does not the "soul essence" advance in wisdom and power through its contact and experience with material existences, thus enabling it to pass from lower to higher phases as it rises in the scale of progression?

Doubtless, man, at his first appearance, was a creature of a very low type—weak, imperfect, with scarcely a glimmer of intelligence, more helpless, possibly, than the ape in whose matrix he germinated. Thus, for ages races succeeded races, increasing and passing away, leaving no impress of their existence, yet bearing within and developing onward, though all unconsciously, by slow and imperceptible degrees, that divine spark which has since blazed forth in the power, the glory, the majesty of mind!

Notwithstanding the account given in Genesis of the happy pair who were created six thousand years ago, and,

as Mr. Talmage forcibly expressed it, "were married in the Garden of Eden, High Heaven officiating" (with all due respect for that account, which, by the by, I believe has never been rightly understood), we know that man has existed ten times six thousand years, and probably ten hundred times six thousand. The Egyptians had written records, going back fourteen thousand years, showing that at the time they were written the nation had so far outgrown its infancy as to have forgotten it, and was enjoying a vastly higher civilization than it has at any subsequent period. They possessed all the arts and sciences; had made all the discoveries and invented many of the appliances which we have since rediscovered and invented over again. They were proficient in agriculture, cultivating all the cereals and useful plants with which we are acquainted, and whose origin is now so lost in the mists of antiquity that we can obtain no knowledge concerning it. The fact that there are no species, in a wild state, corresponding to our oats, rye, wheat, barley, and maize, indicates that they must have been cultivated through such distant ages that their original types have perished from the earth. Also many of the fruits and flowers were grown in such remote times that they are not known in their original state. The Egyptians were also familiar with all domestic animals, and knew as little about the origin of their domestication as we know.

My friends, we are indebted to prehistoric man for many of the essentials of our boasted civilization. We have inherited, not invented. Very little improvement has been made by us in any of the arts. We have never

subjugated a single wild animal to the use of man, nor have we reclaimed from its wild state any valuable food-bearing plant. We have experimented in horticulture, floriculture, hybridizing, and so forth, but we have not attained to any wonderful results. The old saw, "There is nothing new under the sun," is true in a far deeper sense than we have attached to it. Even the phonetic alphabet, with the immense advantages it possesses, was bequeathed us by a race whose history is unknown. We can trace it back to the Phœnicians and Egyptians, through whom it came to us, and who tell us they received it from the gods, along with everything else pertaining to their greatness as a nation. Their gods were, doubtless, a race of men greatly superior to themselves, who, judging from what we know of the Egyptians, must have reached, if they did not exceed, our present attainments. A people capable of inventing and using a system of signs, symbolical of sounds, must have been capable of achieving anything else possible to man, and their capability must have been the result of numberless ages of progression. How did this brave and mighty people perish, leaving no successors and no traces of all their glory, save in a few vague myths or legends chronicled by strangers, by whom they are represented as gods?

Science and history tell us there have been, from time to time, terrible convulsions of nature, by which a large portion of all living things must have perished—see our biblical account of the deluge, also accounts of the same catastrophe found among the records of the Chinese and other nations. More than this, astronomers have dis-

covered that our planet changes its axis every twenty-three thousand years—that where the equator now is the poles appear, and *vice versa.* This would, of course, necessitate great geographical changes; where now is land would be water, and where is water would be land. This change, however gradual in its accomplishment, would be most disastrous in its effects. The immense quantities of ice at the poles would break away in great bergs and come grinding over the continents, carrying everything before them, as was most likely the case during the glacial period. There would be also huge tidal waves and fearful cataclysms, like the flood to which I have alluded, and all this would be attended with tremendous destruction of life and property. Whole nations might be swept away, and with them all vestiges of their physical and mental achievements. There would be nothing left to tell the story of their grandeur or their power, save what might survive in the memory of the few who might have escaped, or hearsay of other nations.

This revolution, this toppling over of the world, if I may so express it, may be a provision of nature's God established in wisdom and mercy. Statistics show that the population of the civilized portion of the globe has doubled within the past eighty years. Notwithstanding constant waste, the loss of human life by wars, famine, pestilence, and earthquakes, the inhabitants of the earth have actually doubled within eighty years! At this rate how many thousand years would it take to fill the world so full of people that there could be no safety or comfort in living? Does it not seem proper that some means

should be provided whereby "old Mother Earth" could relieve herself of her superabundant population? How many of these turns she has taken in the past, or how many she will indulge in in the future, who can tell?

I am inclined to accept the theory that the world has passed through several successive cycles or periods of being peopled. Mankind, starting from small beginnings, has increased and multiplied, spreading over the face of the earth, and, as generation has succeeded generation, has advanced in the scale of being, some races outstripping others, and giving foregleams of a higher humanity. Mankind has advanced in intellectual power and in material substance; has builded great monuments to fame, and then has been overwhelmed by some terrible convulsion and swept out of existence, leaving only a remnant here and there on the outposts of creation, from which again came forth a people destined, by the law of progression, to fill out the measure of a new and a better era. And thus nature moves forward in progressive circles, ever onward and upward, reaching out toward that perfection which is the birthright and the destiny of man.

HOUSEKEEPING IN THE OLDEN AND IN MODERN TIMES.

Published in "Housekeeper's Companion"—1878.

As I have been a housekeeper for many years, and claim considerable skill and proficiency in my profession, having practiced it under various circumstances and acquainted myself with all its details, from the washing

of dishes and making of bread and butter up to the higher branches of home decoration and embellishment, I have a few ideas upon the subject I should like to lay before your readers.

As mistress of a small house, I have done my own work satisfactorily to all concerned; as mistress of a large house, I have employed servants and endeavored to make the housekeeping go on in the same satisfactory manner. How well I have succeeded in the latter case I should not like to say. I have also had fair opportunity for observing the housekeeping of the "olden time," so called, a few remnants of which are still to be found in remote and old-fashioned neighborhoods. In comparing the system of the past with the present, certain conclusions have been forced upon me which, in justice to my sex in general and housekeepers in particular, I should like to make public through the medium of your excellent paper.

Housekeeping is one of the inalienable rights of woman—one which her brother man has never manifested any disposition to encroach upon. He is not supposed to know, much less care, anything about it. Whenever the subject is broached in his presence, he generally speaks to the question by exclaiming: "Ah, there are no such housekeepers now as there were in the time of our grandmothers!" I fully indorse this assertion, but would add, "nor are there any such houses to keep!" If our grandmothers were living now, in the city of New-York, they would not keep house any better than we do.

Let us, for a brief space, consider the difference between the two methods of housekeeping, for out of such con-

sideration may grow a better understanding of the subject. In the days of our grandmothers, cities were not so large, land was plentiful and cheap so that houses could be built large and ample on the ground; it was usual for the parlor, sitting-room, dining-room, kitchen, and one or two sleeping-rooms, to be located on the first floor. The mistress of the house could step into her kitchen fifty times a day, if need be, without any inconvenience. She could excuse herself to her guests in the parlor in order to superintend the preparation for their dinner, without exciting in them either astonishment or disgust. She could leave her children in the sitting-room or nursery, and, with the door open between, could have an eye and ear to their welfare, and at the same time attend to duties in the kitchen. The servant, accustomed to this supervision, was faithful and industrious, prompt and careful in the performance of her tasks, and would accomplish more work, and do it better, than three servants will now.

More than this, the servant had the advantage of her mistress's example and the benefit of her superior judgment and experience. Seeing the cultivated and refined lady was not above participating in the labors of the household, the servant learned to honor her position and respect herself.

In those days housework was not considered degrading, and the daughters of a family, as they grew up, felt proud to relieve their mother and exhibit housewifely skill. Their ability to do so grew with their growth and strengthened with their strength, and when they married they were competent to become not only wives but

housekeepers. They knew how work ought to be done, and if they did not do it themselves, could command its proper performance by those they employed. Then a clean chintz or muslin gown in summer, and a plain silk or worsted one in winter, unencumbered by flounces or over-skirts, was considered sufficient dress for any lady at home; and a ribbon at her throat and another in her hair were all the adornments required. Then people arose and breakfasted two, three, or four hours earlier than now; the housework, like the day, was begun and ended in good season.

Dinner was served at noon, and no matter how great the variety of fish, fowl, meats, and vegetables, they were all placed on the table at once and partaken of without regarnishing or change of dishes; only the dessert was handed round on extra plates, and nothing was removed until the meal was ended. This left a long afternoon in which the kitchen could be put in order and allowed to "cool off," so to speak; the light supper of bread or biscuit, cold meat, and sauce, with a cup of tea, causing little trouble or disarrangement. There was time and place for everything, and everything was in time and place. I might go on and write of the health of body and mind, the strong muscles and nerves, the clear heads, happy hearts, and cheerful, contented dispositions, resulting from their lives of activity and usefulness, and which rendered our grandmothers so capable of filling their places in the world; but my paper would be too long, so I pass to the housekeeping of the present time.

Take, for example, the homes in and around the city of New-York, and what do we find? Owing to the value

of land, houses are built on the smallest possible area and raised four or five stories in the air, making up in altitude for what they lack at the base. The kitchen is placed down under ground, in most cases dark and gloomy as a dungeon. On the first floor are reception rooms for visitors only; on the second, third, and fourth floors, up long flights of stairs, are the sitting and sleeping rooms of the family. The mistress of a first-class house with all the "modern improvements," if she would oversee her work properly, is compelled either to spend the greater portion of her time in the lower regions with Bridget, or live in an almost constant state of ascending and descending an incline of forty or fifty feet. The former alternative is not to be thought of; and the latter, with the heavily flounced and trained skirts which fashion imposes, soon wears out her health and spirits, and she gives up, sick in body and soul. She cannot ask her daughters to assume the cares and vexations that have imbittered her own existence; what wonder, then, that young girls grow up totally deficient in housekeeping qualifications? So Bridget is left to her devices, and she is not slow in taking advantage of her opportunity. Possessing very little capability, of weak judgment and weaker principles, untrained to method or order, she finds it much easier to be indolent, careless, and slovenly, and comes to insist on these acquirements as her inherent rights. She soon declares her inability to do anything more than the cooking; the late breakfast using up the forenoon, the luncheon and dinner consuming the rest of the day. The dinner, with its paraphernalia of courses and all the serving necessary thereto, renders a waitress indispensable, and, if

she considers herself an expert, she is willing to do nothing else. Thus the housemaid for upstairs work is brought into requisition, and the laundress, child's nurse, and seamstress follow in due course.

The social standing of families is more or less gauged by the number of servants they keep, and gentility and housework are completely divorced. Meanwhile, the gulf between mistress and servant grows wider and wider; they have no longer any interests in common. 'Tis unnecessary to point out the evil arising from this state of affairs, the injury to both rich and poor; any one who thinks at all must be fully aware of it, and the most serious question of our day is, how can it be remedied?

Many hope that the "*flat*" system of house-building, now so popular, will bring about the desired change; it is a step in the right direction, but only a step. Dwelling in flats will not alone redeem us; we must strip our living of its absurd superfluities; we must get back to plainer, simpler things; we must rouse our dormant energies and stem the current of idleness, extravagance, and monstrous vanity, which is bearing us so swiftly to destruction. We must put our own shoulders to the wheel and look after the ways of our households, and insist upon justice and right in every particular; we must practice the womanly graces of usefulness, and teach them to our daughters. Thus only shall we be saved.

RHYMES RECITED AT THE ANNUAL DINNERS OF SOROSIS.

THE NINTH ANNIVERSARY.

Mrs. President and ladies! I rise here to-day
To make a short speech, but, first, let me say,—
As is usual, you know, upon such an occasion,—
That it's "quite unexpected and without preparation."
But, being called upon, what I propose is
To say a few words for our dear Sorosis.

I'm happy to see you all cheery and hearty,
Enjoying yourselves at her ninth birthday party;
With your songs, and your toasts, and your speeches, revealing
The best of good fellowship and sisterly feeling.
This is right and quite proper, for, the year that is past,
We have for our *pet* no reflections to cast.
She's increased in her substance, improved in her graces,
And behaved like a lady at all times and places;
She's enlarged her proportions,—I think you'll all own,
For a girl of her years, she's remarkably grown.

She 's fulfilled all her duties without once complaining,
Been instructive, agreeable, and quite entertaining;
She has talked, and she 's sung, and she 's written, and read,
And done some good work with her hands and her head.

While the country 's been racked by struggles political,
And plunged, for a time, in condition most critical,
She submitted her vote to the keenest inspection,
And made her returns on the day of election;
Accomplished her victory, peaceful and quiet,
Without any bulldozing, bribing, or riot.

Though times have been hard and money quite scarce,
She has given no cause to complain of her purse.
She has cleared her way nicely, is nobody's debtor,
Her treasury 's good, and her treasurer better.
So with this, and with that, 't is but justice to say,
She 's a shining example to all *men* to-day.

She has tender regret, and a sigh, and a tear
For those who have gone from her during the year:
The gentle, the loving, the pure, and true-hearted,—
But she knows they 're not lost, they are only departed;
She will love them and cherish their mem'ry alway,
And in spirit and joy they are with her to-day.

And now, in conclusion, the toast I propose is,
"Long life and success to our darling Sorosis!"

THE THIRTEENTH ANNIVERSARY.

I don't intend to make a speech,
Because I can't! — a royal reason; —
I wish I might such glory reach,
And say the words that are in season.
I only mean to give a toast,
To express my gratitude and pleasure;
And of my thoughts, to make the most,
I give them in this rhyming measure.
When one attempts to talk in prose,
Her thoughts should be grand and sublime,
With eloquence that burns and glows,
But simpler words will do in rhyme.
Of course, but very few have power
To clothe their thoughts in language meet;
We realize, each day and hour,
How poor our words — how incomplete.
Our teeming fancies, bright and fair,
Flitting about on shining wings,
Grow dull, breathed forth upon the air,
And fall like leaden, senseless things.
The dreams and hopes we cherish most
Are ofttimes in the utterance lost;
And thus it is so many keep
A golden silence, full and deep.
My friends, just thirteen years ago,
All in the blustering March weather,
A few brave women, as you know,
Took courage and convened together;

And, undismayed by scoffs and jeers,
From customs and restraints set free,
Struggling, perhaps, with doubts and fears,
Resolved a woman's club should be!
Appreciating woman's need,
Relying on her strength and power,
They planted well the little seed
Which blooms to-day in this grand flower.
They saw the strength and grace that would
From organized endeavor rise,—
The fuller, larger womanhood,
With its grand possibilities,—
And gave it all the scope they could.
With forethought, marvelous and wise,
They planned it nobly from the start,
Considered well its every part,
Laid its foundation broad and true,
And builded better than they knew.
We do not boast an ancestry
Of gifted sires or learned brothers;
We claim a prouder pedigree
Of sensible and *brave "foremothers"*!
Then, let us speak their names to-day
With love, and reverence, and good-will;—
Those who on furlough are away,
And those who are on duty still;—
We 'll give to them our tenderest thought,
Entwined among our songs and flowers,
And as, in faithfulness, they wrought
Their mission, so let us, too, ours.

The seed they sowed, with hopes and fears,
Its flowers and fruitage, who shall tell?
This vigorous growth of thirteen years
Declares that it was planted well.
May they who sowed the harvest win —
May they who builded enter in!

And now, the toast that I propose is,
"The brave foremothers of Sorosis!"
We 'll pledge them, then, in pure cold water,
The fealty of each loving daughter.

THE FOURTEENTH ANNIVERSARY.

Dear sisters and friends, 't is with great trepidation
I rise to address you upon this occasion;
But our President orders, and I must obey,
Tho' I really feel I have nothing to say.
True, there is now and then both a time and a place
When *nothing* is said with considerable grace;
But no one, I 'm sure, ever dreams or supposes
That any such chance can occur in Sorosis.
Through fourteen long years it has come to be known
As a club, — we 've a mind and a tongue of our own,
And decided opinions on all points possessing,
Which we never are backward at all in expressing.
Whenever it happens that differences rise —
As often there will 'mong the learned and wise —

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The right we demand and the right we extend
Is to argue the question clear out to the end.
And should the discussion grow spicy and warm,
And ardor or earnestness threaten a storm,
We receive our quietus by a blow from the mallet,
And conclusions are clinched at the point of the ballot.

Of all the good things which our club life has brought us,
The lessons by time and experience taught us,
The bright play of fancy, the wisdom profound,
The wit and the humor that always abound,
The songs and the toasts and the lore of the sages,
Voluminous essays on unprinted pages,—
Along with the highest and best we can reach,
Is the knack and the privilege of making a speech.
Tho' our past has been fruitful, we 're proud to believe,
There is much in the future we hope to achieve;
Progression's long hill we 're determined to climb,
To the march of improvement our steps keeping time,
With faith in ourselves and each other renewing,
Pressing on with the courage of conscious well-doing.
We shall grapple each duty with honest endeavor,
And stand by the right, unfaltering ever;
The wrong and unjust we shall strive to subdue,
And build up the brave and the wise and the true.
And as the glad years one by one roll away,
And bring in succession each Annual Day,
Of all we 've essayed may we find ourselves winners
And our crowning success be our Annual dinners.
Dear sisters and friends, in your hearts give me credit;
I had nothing to say, and I 'm sure I have said it!

THE FIFTEENTH ANNIVERSARY.

My friends! I 'd resolved on this day to keep still,
Lest I forfeit, forever, your respect and good-will.
You must surely be tired of my whimsical rhymes,—
You 've borne the affliction a great many times,
Till my rhymes and your patience are wholly worn out,
And nothing is left me to make rhymes about.
I tried very hard to address you in prose,—
'T is a difficult matter, as every one knows;
But somehow, my thoughts and my words would not mingle,
And in spite of my efforts, the measure would jingle,
So, I've come to believe, though I 'm not at all vain
I 'm a sort of a feminine George Francis Train!
And speaking of this most remarkable brother,
Reminds me quite forcibly, here, of another
Who, like him, has made himself famous in *one* sense,—
If he does n't write rhymes, he at least indites nonsense!
And preaches, and splutters, and raises a rout,
On a subject he knows very little about;
Who hurls his philippics at every woman,
As though, with mankind, she had no faults in common.
Declaring her full of intrigue and deceit,
And follies and vices too absurd to repeat,
He pictures her out, in his fluent verbosity,
A sort of a nondescript human monstrosity;
But I think we shall live through it all just the same,—
Yet we pity the man, while we merely exclaim,
In perfect astonishment, one to the other,
"Had he never a sister, a wife, or a mother?

And what sort of women, pray, must they have been?
Are the women he talks about *all* he has seen?"
There 's one thing quite certain, his tirade discloses
That he never has seen or heard of Sorosis!
And if we but had him here — how we would toast him!
Now mark you, my sisters, I did n't say *roast* him;
But we 'd show him *all* women are not up to tricks,
And we 'd make him respect us — this Dominie Dix!

'Mong events I would mention as worthy of note,
Sorosis has lately been privileged to vote,
Which she did without feeling the least hesitation,
Or any regard for the scheme of rotation.
She handled her ballot with infinite skill,
And stood by her principles, too, with a will.
Having chosen discreetly each fit candidate,
She made out her ticket and voted it straight!
Gave in her returns, free from question or doubt —
Not one was defrauded, not one counted out!
And I can affirm, on the day of election,
Sorosis behaved with great circumspection.
Not a bribe was attempted — not a ballot was sold —
Not a vote but was honestly, legally polled —
Not a dollar was wagered on one nominee,
And nothing was drunk, except coffee and tea.

With regard to our club, there 's much I could te ll —
As *women*, we 're doing remarkably well!
But all I can say may be laid on the shelf,
Sorosis is here, and will speak for herself.
And now, my dear friends, when we 've finished our day,

When we've warbled our songs and have spoken
our say;
When you think of my speech, there 's one favor I ask,
I hope you 'll not find it a very hard task.
You may remember, 't was pointless, witless, and sad;
That its sense was obscure, and its rhetoric bad;
That its theme was ill chosen, its jokes were ill timed,
But O! my dear friends, don't remember, it rhymed!

A FEW REMARKS ON THE TREASURY.

Sisters, I have just a few words to say
For a kind friend who usually gets slighted,
Whose faithful service, rendered day by day,
Goes often unacknowledged, unrequited;
Who, whether other friends be few or many,
Is always found to serve us best of any.

You know him well, he 's always at our meetings,
Smiles at our feast and sparkles in our greetings;
Adds to the charm of essay, song, and speech,
And helps us all our highest aims to reach;—
A friend who, tho' we may ignore and flout him,
We could not, and we would not, do without him.

In fact, without his valuable assistance,
I know not where we should have been to-day;
I think the club would not have had existence
If this kind friend had always stayed away;

For, tho' to say it may sound rather funny,
What would "Sorosis" do without money?

Do not understand that I would estimate
Our wit and wisdom at a market rate,
Or place upon a mere financial basis,
The love that 's beaming in your upturned faces.
O! no, our friend may serve us ne'er so well,
Our friendship he can neither buy nor sell.

Nor can he bring one farthing's weight to bear
Against our sense of justice and of right.
When duty calls, we neither pause nor spare,
Tho' it should make our bank account grow light;
While willing to acknowledge all we owe him,
In this respect no deference we show him.

But, these aside, for any other pleasure
The years have brought us, as they sped along,—
Culture, refinement, luxury, and leisure,—
To him our praises and our thanks belong.
Then let us give him most respectful mention,
And court his favor by our wise attention.

And so, dear friends, with due consideration
For all the good things of this grand occasion,—
Toasts, speeches, songs, and appetizing dishes,—
I supplement them by the best of wishes:
May Fortune yield her gifts unsparingly,
And shower her favors on our *Treasury*.

A VALENTINE.

On this glad day, by lovers blest,
I sing with all a lover's zest,
The praise of her I love the best;
Sorosis.

Who, when my heart is ill at ease,
Comes with the charms that ever please,
And gives me from all care release?
Sorosis.

Who, when the world looks dark and drear,
Makes it most glad and bright appear,
With words of kindness and good cheer?
Sorosis.

Who, with a true philosophy,
Of life and duty teaches me,
How I may wiser, happier be?
Sorosis.

Whose hands are full of love and good?
Who doeth all things as she should,
To aid a nobler womanhood?
Sorosis.

Whose brow is calm, whose eyes are bright
With self-reliance, steady light?
Whose feet are climbing toward the right?
Sorosis.

Then let me sing her praise to-night,
Who giveth me so great delight,
Long may her presence bless my sight;
Sorosis.

Long may her face with pleasure shine,
May every joy and grace combine
To beautify this queen of mine,—
My best, my noblest Valentine;
Sorosis.

A BUNCH OF PANSIES.

This world is full of pleasant scenes,
And pleasant facts and fancies,
If we will but discard the rue,
And cultivate the pansies.

Nor care nor strife will tarry long,
If we will cease to mind them;
And joys abound much more than griefs,
If we'll but seek to find them.

What, though the skies are dark to-day,
They may be bright to-morrow.
We'll make the best of everything,
And that will lighten sorrow.

We 'll hug with comfort to our hearts
This maxim old and terse:
That nothing 's ever quite so bad
But what it might be worse.

And happiness lies all around,
If we but choose to take it;
And, usually, we 'll find the world
As pleasant as we make it.

This world is full of gentle hearts
That throb with kindly beating;
If we extend a cordial hand,
We 'll grasp the same in greeting.

Eyes may look sometimes cold and strange,
They 're only so in seeming;
A pleasant word or smile from us
Is sure to set them beaming.

Let our own looks and tones be kind,
And, scarce one case excepted,
We 'll see our smiles of love and trust
In others' eyes reflected;

And find that friendship, warm and true,
In many a breast is hidden,
And only fails to show itself
Because it is not bidden.

This world is full of noble work,
Worthy our best endeavor;
If we 're inclined to do our part,
We need be idle never;

If willing hearts find willing hands,
And eyes that can descry
The little duties, sweet and plain,
That close about us lie.

For, little deeds and little words
Make up the sum and story:
A life that 's spent in doing good
Must culminate in glory.

To raise the fallen, aid the weak;
To help the right along;
To guide the erring, cheer the sad,
And to denounce the wrong.

Look forth! Behold, the fields are white,
And laborers are few;
Let no one fold her hands and say,
"There 's nothing I can do";

But go to work with right good-will—
No matter what opposes—
And may these pansies bloom and thrive
In our beloved Sorosis.

LATER POEMS.

PROSPECTION.

From the sad present and the weary past,
My heavy, tear-dimmed eyes
Look through the storm-clouds, gathering thick and fast,
To where the future lies;

And from the darkness that around me clings
My spirit turns away,
To where a summer sky its glory flings
O'er all — an endless day.

There, in a wide-spread realm, do I behold
Most wondrous things and rare,
Of which no earthly language yet hath told,
How blessed and how fair.

I see the sunshine on the purple hills,
That seem so far away;
I hear the music of the murmuring rills,
That through the landscapes stray;

And broad, bright rivers wander blue and calm,
And breezes soft and low,
Laden with perfume and the breath of balm,
Across the waters blow.

There golden fruits hang ripe on ev'ry bough,
And birds with shining wings
Warble their love-songs to the flowers that glow
Amid all radiant things.

In that blest land the longing heart shall find
All it hath loved and lost;
And perfect rest the broken spirit bind,
So long by tempests tost.

The flowers of promise that have drooped and died,
Shall be regathered there;
The gentle beings parted from our side,
Restored more blest and dear.

I know their footsteps wander to and fro
Among the distant hills;
I know they pluck the fruits and flowers that grow
Beside the crystal rills.

I know their songs of rapture, on the air,
Are echoing glad and free;
Oh! for the loved and loving ones who there
Rejoice and wait for me.

From the sad present and the weary past,
My weeping, longing eyes
Look through the shadows, gath'ring thick and fast,
To where the future lies.

CANST THOU BE DEAD?

Frances L. King, died March 8th, 1865.

Canst thou be dead? Thou seem'st a sculptured form
Of Parian marble 'mid white flowers reclining;
The spell of beauty breathes on all around
A sweet enchantment with sad thoughts entwining,
And on thy smiling lip and gentle brow
There rests no shade of pain or sorrow now.

Yes, thou art dead! the silent grave hath won thee
Ere one bright hope had faded from thy heart;
And, with thy bridal robes and flowers upon thee,
We yield thee up, all lovely as thou art.
'T is fitting thus, that one so young and fair,
Should meet her God with garlands in her hair.

'T is fitting thus, for life has been to thee
A summer day wherein was naught of sadness,
And in its morning thou hast passed away,
Ere earth had lost one sparkle of its gladness:
From love's full rapture, without one alloy,
Thou hast passed on unto more perfect joy.

And so we lay thee in the tomb's dark shrine,
With thy pale bridal flowers to fade and wither;
Still in our memory thou shalt remain,
"A thing of beauty" and a "joy forever,"
Till by the promise which our God has given,
These broken links are gathered up in heaven.

BY THE SEA.

'T is twenty years since, on this green hillside,
I sat, as now, and watched the sun go down;
And listened to the murmur of the tide,
Breaking among the sea-crags, gray and brown.

So long! and yet it seems but yesterday;
Undimmed, unchanged, the glowing scene appears,—
The pebbly shore, the broad and shining bay,
Reveal no trace of all those vanished years.

The same white gulls seem hovering o'er the beach,
Chasing each other in their restless flight;
And out beyond the foamy breakers' reach
The same glad waters sparkle in the light.

The same soft radiance fills the summer air;
The breezes laden with the breath of balm;
And all around about me, everywhere,
Breathes the same spell of indolence and calm.

Nothing is changed; my very thoughts come back
Like ghosts of ships that have gone down at sea,
And in the glimmer of their shining track
The same bright hopes seem beckoning to me.

The same bright hopes that lured me on in youth,
And fired my fancy with their fervid glare,
And draped about the sober form of Truth
A tinsel garment it could never wear.

They beckon me again, but cannot cheat
Nor lure me from the anchorage I 've found;
Its rest is grateful to my weary feet,
And in content I watch my sun go down.

And gazing backward o'er the toilsome way
To where the hills of youth look fresh and green,
I think of all my life once promised me,
Of all it is, and all it might have been.

I do not even ask if it were best
That all I wished for most has been denied;
Nor why, through sacrifice and deep unrest,
My peace has been wrought out and sanctified.

I only know it will be clear at last,
And I shall read this riddle of my soul;
When there shall be no future and no past,
And heaven shall roll together like a scroll.

CLOVER BLOSSOMS.

It is the radiant summer,
The clover bloom is sweet,
As I wander through the meadow
With listless, lingering feet.

For my heart turns backward, backward,
To a golden summer, when
The clover bloom was sweeter
Than it e'er can be again.

Oh! sad the years have left me,
Since that far-off happy time,
When earth was crowned with beauty,
And life was in its prime.

When nature seemed to borrow
Its glory and its pride
From a fair girlish presence
That has vanished from my side.

When the morning and the spring-time
Seemed to linger and rejoice,
And the song of bird and streamlet
Was re-echoed in her voice.

Oh! Jennie, with the flaxen hair,
I think I see her now
Among the clover blossoms,
With the sunlight on her brow.

I hear her merry laughter,
And the joyous words she spake,
And I love the clover blossoms
Very dearly for her sake.

How can they bloom so gayly,
And lift their glowing cheeks,
When she who shared their gladness
No more the revel seeks?

Do they not miss the dancing
Of her feet their leaves among,
And the rippling songs and laughter
Of her merry, merry tongue?

Do they not miss the sunlight
Of her yellow, shining hair,
And the tender, fond caressing
Of her hand so soft and fair?

Or is her spirit with them?
And as the light winds pass,
Are hers the low tones ringing
Among the whispering grass?

Is it the spell that binds me,
And lures my weary feet
To wander in the meadow,
'Mong the clover blossoms sweet?

HILLSIDE AVENUE, PEEKSKILL, N. Y.

'T is a beautiful road that winds along,
Out of the village and over the hill,
Out to the old church standing among
Its marble monuments, white and still.

'T is a beautiful road in summer-time,
Passing by meadows and cornfields green,
And beautiful, even when winter's rime
Whitens all things with its silvery sheen.

Oh, fair are the visions that greet the eye
Of hill and valley, of wood and plain;
With a glimpse of the river flowing nigh,
Seen for a moment, then lost again.

And sweet are the songs the wild birds sing
All through the long, glad summer day,
And fragrant the odors the wild flowers fling
Out on the breeze, as you pass that way.

And blest are the memories clustering there,
Of years long vanished and friends long dead;
A mystery broods in the solemn air,
Like a voice that mourns for the loved ones fled.

For we followed them slowly with weeping eyes,
Along the road they so oft had trod,
And laid them down 'neath the tranquil skies,
At rest forever, asleep in God.

And now, as their well-known haunts I trace,
I think how the bright sun, circling o'er,
Will shine as bright on my vacant place,
When I, like them, shall return no more.

For I know that a time will surely come,
When out of the village and over the hill,
They will bear me to my last long home
Among the monuments, white and still.

THE CREW OF THE "LAURA 'LIZA."

The sun was low and the sky was clear,
Our hearts beat high with no thought of fear,
As we sailed away with right good cheer,
In the captain's boat, from the city pier,
With the crew of the "Laura 'Liza."

Brightly before us the waters lay,
As we bounded over the deep blue bay;
Our laugh rang out and our songs were gay,
As we sailed, on the captain's natal day,
With the crew of the "Laura 'Liza."

And as the shore grew distant and dim,
And daylight dropped from the horizon's rim,
Our cup of joy foamed full to the brim,
And we warbled our songs with greater vim,
The crew of the "Laura 'Liza."

The water reflected our lantern's light,
Enhancing the charm of the fair June night;
The moon and the stars never shone more bright,
And the gallant captain enjoyed the sight,
With the crew of the "Laura 'Liza."

Why roam these pilgrims the waters o'er,
So far away from their native shore?
Do they go to dig for the shining ore,
Or for sparkling gems in the mine to bore?
This crew of the "Laura 'Liza."

Or are they bound for some savage beach,
Where rude barbarians prowl and screech?
Do they go their benighted minds to teach,
To mend their manners and smooth their speech?
This crew of the "Laura 'Liza."

Or have they taken this midnight sail
To measure the length of the comet's tail,
To caution the planets to take leg-bail
As soon as they see the sun turn pale,
Or the crew of the "Laura 'Liza."

O! no, we are bound for an unknown land,
Where the breakers beat on a foreign strand,
Where the clam sleeps low in his bed of sand,
'Till wakened to life by the helping hand
Of the crew of the "Laura 'Liza."

We are bound for a land where the tree-toads sing,
Where the mosquito plies her little sting,
Where the sea-weeds grow and the lobsters cling,
And eels are strung like beads on a string
For the crew of the "Laura 'Liza."

We have bravely sailed the waters o'er
To taste the fruit of the Jersey shore,
With appetites keener than ever before,
To eat until we can eat no more,
The crew of the "Laura 'Liza."

To home and friends we have said good-bye,
And expectation beats fond and high
To eat and eat, and never say die,
As long as bivalves before us lie,
The crew of the "Laura 'Liza."

Oh, say not there are no unselfish souls,
Whose love of their neighbor naught controls;
As well may you say that the sea never rolls,
Or that Jersey highways never ask tolls
Of the crew of the "Laura 'Liza."

As well may you say that our native place
Is governed by law and not by "Grace,"
That every man's heart is as good as his face,
That every lawyer believes in his case,
Or the crew of the "Laura 'Liza."

As well may you say that this pilgrim host
Shall always remain on the Jersey coast,
Establishing there a trading post,
And eating clams in chowder and roast,
The crew of the "Laura 'Liza."

When each and all have their duty done,
And the shells are empty every one;
When songs are ended and yarns all spun,
And there's no more chowder and no more fun
For the crew of the "Laura 'Liza,"

Then back again we shall gladly roam,
From the captain's boat, to our distant home,
Far into the depths of the midnight gloom,
Laden with spoils you will see us come,
The crew of the "Laura 'Liza."

And for many a day we shall love to tell
Of every incident that befell,
Displaying for trophy an empty shell
From which the native was routed well
By the crew of the "Laura 'Liza."

And years shall pass and time grow old,
And heads turn gray and hearts turn cold,
And people will smile when the story is told
Of the gallant bark and the captain bold,
And the crew of the "Laura 'Liza."

TO MRS. ESTHER HERRMAN, WITH A CAKE FOR HER VALENTINE PARTY.

I wished to send a valentine
Unto my lady fair,
And so I roused my sleeping muse,
That she might do her share.
I told her what I wished to write,
And how I wished to time it;
But coax and chide her as I might,
I could not make her rhyme it.

She rubbed her eyes and "hemmed and hawed,"
And said, "How very foolish!"
I never knew the minx to act
So stupid and so mulish.
She said, "'T was well enough for folks
Who yet were young and wildish!"
And hinted broadly that I must
Be growing old and childish.

The days sped on, and nearer drew
The time when I should send it;
The case seemed very bad indeed,
And how was I to mend it?
At length, when almost in despair,
A little fairy said,
"No longer vex your churlish muse,
But send a cake instead!"

My lady fair has little need
Of any gift from me;
For Fortune's favors on her head
Are poured unsparingly.
She scatters with a liberal hand
The blessings of her store;
She careth little to receive,
To give would please her more.

My little fairy spake again—
"Come, then, a cake prepare;
One that your lady's generous heart
With all her friends can share!"
And so, I send my Valentine,—
The best that I can do,—
And well I know, my lady fair
Will share with all of you.

À LA "JACKIE HORNER!"

Little, pretty Miss Ayers
Sat on the stairs,
Talking so sweet to her beau,
And she put on a smile,
Which said all the while,
"You 're the nicest fellow I know!"

The bait it was bitten;
The young man was smitten;

But, when he desired her to wed,
She said, with a sneer,
" All you want, 't is quite clear,
Is a pair of large ears on your head!"

The young man looked flat,
And, seizing his hat,
Said, " Madam, forever we part! "
And soon he was found,
Lying on the cold ground,
With a bullet-hole straight through his heart.

Alack, well-a-day!
That a maiden should say
Such words to a love-stricken youth,
And that he should go
And to all the world show
That what she had said was the truth.

TO MRS. ABNER MELLEN, ON HER GOLDEN WEDDING.

Well may we give thee joy to-night,
Amid a scene so fair and bright,
All glowing in the golden light
  Of fifty wedded years!
Well may each heart its tribute bring,
Well may each tongue thy praises sing,
No worthier time for offering
  In all thy life appears.

We come, in this thy festal hour,
And greet thee in thy flush of power.
Life's full fruition is thy dower,
  By right and wisdom gained.
Thy thoughts mature, thy heart unchilled,
Thy doubts at rest, thy longings stilled,
Thy brightest promises fulfilled,
  Thy highest aims attained.

Thou wear'st upon thy tranquil brow
Thy woman's crown of honor now;
Wifehood and motherhood endow
  Thee with a special grace.
Youth's orange blossoms could but wear
An added brightness from thy hair,
Shimmering in silver wavelets there,
  Above thy gentle face.

Thou wear'st also thy woman's crown
Of patient faith and duty done,
Of trials borne and victories won,
  Of mingled smiles and tears.
And, standing in thy strength and pride,
Thy life-long chosen one beside,
We give thee Joy and hail thee bride
  Of fifty golden years!

What wishes may we breathe for thee?
Thy hopes are merged in certainty,
Thy dreams are all reality;

And we can only say,
"May the glad radiance of this night
Make all thy future pathway bright
Relume, in heaven's eternal light,
Thy golden wedding day!"

A WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

The theme of my discourse, dear friends,
Is rather trite and common,—
We hear, wherever we may go,
About the "rights of woman."
And though, perhaps, some rights she claims
Are laughed at and disputed,
She has a host of glorious "rights"
Which can not be refuted.
So, lest the former shall engage
Too much of her attention,
I thought the latter might receive
Just here a passing mention.

A woman has a right to act
Up to her best conviction;
To hold her post of duty
Without hindrance or restriction;
A right to strive, a right to toil,
To own her field and till it,
A right to claim the highest place,
If she can only fill it.

She has a right t' enrich her mind
With learning's varied store,
And quaff from wisdom's crystal fount
Deep draughts of knowledge and of power;
A right to rise above the mists
That shut out half her light,
And, from life's mountain tops, obtain
A broader, clearer sight.

A woman has a right to be
True to herself, and never,
By lack of purity and strength,
Retard her high endeavor.
Firm in her purposes of good,
Noble, and strong of mind;
'T is sad, when she is false or weak,—
This mother of mankind.

A woman has a right to be
Fearless and independent;
Her nature has a right to shine
With truth and grace resplendent.
Not arrogant, or proud, or vain,—
Aggressive, or defiant;
But, in her own integrity,
Secure and self-reliant.

She has a right to do and dare,
And ask consent of no man.
It is not what she does *not* do
That makes the noble woman;

But earnest words, and worthy deeds,
And lofty aspirations,—
The character is poor and small
When made up of negations.

A woman has a right to be
Awake, and up, and doing,
The prize that life holds out to her
Is worthy of pursuing ;
Shake off the bonds of slothful ease,
Of folly, and of sin ;
The loftiest aim is hers to take,
The grandest goal to win.

Then let the women of our land
Learn their own rights and use them ;
The rest will be at their command,
Whenever they may choose them.
For all that's truly excellent,
And beautiful, and good,
Finds its best representative
In perfect womanhood !

WRITTEN IN VINNIE'S AUTOGRAPH ALBUM.

In all you feel and say, in all you do,
Be manly, self-reliant, brave, and true.
So shall my anxious care and prayer receive
The recompense which you alone can give.

SUCCESS TO THE POT LUCK CLUB.

Well, really, my friends, I feel much hesitation,
I hardly believe that I shall be able
To add to the dessert upon this occasion,
That 's been so well served at the head of the table.

Our President there—a prince of good diners—
Has given us plainly to understand,
Without any guessing, or aid from diviners,
He 's a capital *judge* of the business in hand.

He has spread out before us a sumptuous *menu*
Of flesh, fowl, and fishes,
In various dishes,—
Baked, roasted, and boiled, and done up in *ragout.*

With salads and ices,
And cunning devices
In cakes, and in pastry the strange and the new;
With soups appetitious,
And drinks, O, delicious
As ever the gods on Olympus did brew!
With fruit and confection,
Delightful refection,
And, what is most wonderful still, tho' quite true,
The brewers and bakers
Are among the partakers,
And it 's not every cook who will eat his own stew!

And all of these dishes,
With love and kind wishes,
Are seasoned, and sweetened, and spiced through and
through.

Then the grace and the beauty,
That have rendered us duty,
Obeying, with pleasure, our slightest commands;
Each nymph and Adonis
Has waited upon us,
With the fairest, and whitest, and cleanest of hands;
Delighting our eyes, while our palates they please,
And with no expectation of largess or fees.

Then here 's to the "Pot Luck" the grandest success,
And here 's to the health of its noble inventor;
May his shadow and appetite never grow less,
May his wit ne'er give out, or his money be spent,
Or the woman he loves fail to answer him "yes."

And here 's to each other, with the best of good cheer,
May we never grow weary, or sorry, or sick,
And may we assemble together next year,
To prepare and partake of our
"Pot-luck Picnic"!

RECITED AT THE "POT-LUCK" ÆSTHETIC PICNIC.

'T was the night of the æsthetic picnic, you know,
And all the flowers had declared they would go;

And the vegetables all turned out *en masse*,
On placques and platters, in china and glass.
The flowers looked lovely, all in a row,
In gorgeous attire, dressed out for a show;
While the esculents, usually sober and staid,
Marched into the hall in full-dress parade.
The roses came tripping in every hue,
In fragrance and beauty "too utterly too";
And the daisies and buttercups, smiling and gay,
Came bobbing their heads in the prettiest way.
The sunflower was there in his cloth of gold,
The tall, white lilly, so pallid and cold;
The pinks and the pansies in loveliest bloom,
And the heliotrope wafting delicious perfume.
The meek little violet opened her eyes,
And gazed on the scene in enchanted surprise;
While every sweet floweret that gladdens the plain
Came trooping along in the marigold's train.
When all the guests had assembled together,
And exchanged their remarks on the state of the weather;
When the flowers had given the last twirl to their tresses,
And demurely commented on each other's dresses:
All at once there was heard in the hall a mêlée —
Just where it began none present could say.
Some thought 't was the bottles—they always act bad —
And others declared the soup had gone mad.
But this last, I 'm convinced, was a mere supposition,
And was owing, no doubt, to its mixed-up condition.
The flowers, 't was observed, took no part in the action
Altho' they looked on with supreme satisfaction,

And clapped their white hands as the tumult grew louder,
Increased by the din of the greedy clam chowder.
The celery stood up, and, in tones very gruff,
Declared the roast turkey was aged and tough;
While the turkey retorted, with evident truth,
That experience surely is better than youth.
The parsley danced round all the fishes and ham,
The capers ran over the mutton and lamb,
The beets cut up with the turnips whole,
The lettuce skipped into the salad bowl,
The green peas and beans got each other on strings,
The onions suggested unutterable things!
The cauliflower tried to stand up on its head,
The asparagus wanted to go back to bed,
The artichokes jostled the carrots one side,
And the radishes showed hot temper and pride;
The squash and the cucumbers rambled about,
And put all the spinach and pickles to rout;
The modest potatoes rolled out one by one,
And the cabbage-heads snickered to see the fun;
The egg-plant looked glum, and the salsify spluttered;
The parsnips declared they had never been buttered;
The corn said the pumpkin was very low bred,
And the tongue went about and told all that was said.
The bread and the butter, tho' they made no complaint,
Looked pale with affright and just ready to faint;
And the crackers, that never were known to be quiet,
Took part with the oysters and joined in the riot.
There was great commotion 'mongst reed-birds and quail;
The Boston-baked beans at the bacon did rail;

The sauces and gravies got into a fight,
And put all the ducks and the chickens to flight.
The capons looked on with indifference and scorn;
The tomatoes blushed crimson at such takings on;
The green and red peppers made every one sneeze,
And Prince Macaroni walked off with the cheese.
The pies looked quite flat, and the jellies unstable;
The fruits ran away to the end of the table;
The cake disappeared with the champagne and sherry;
The corks flew about in the air to make merry;
While the tea and the coffee, who always agree,
Said they had "never been seen in such company"!
The roast beef tried to quell them as well as 't was able,
And called them to order from the head of the table;
'T was of no avail, for they kept up the clatter,
Till scarcely an edible remained on its platter;
And when, after midnight, the flowers hung their heads,
And began to look drooping and pined for their beds,
They declared the whole thing a snare and delusion,
And the party broke up in most charming confusion;
And darkness and silence fell down like a veil,
And ended the picnic and likewise this tale!

ON THE DEATH OF ——.

From distant lands, across the tossing main,
Unto her native scenes she comes again.
Her weary feet at rest, her wanderings past,
Crowned with eternal peace and joy at last;
And fragrant flowers, and Easter lilies bloom,
To welcome back the wanderer to her home.

Meet is their welcome, for she cometh now,
With a strange silence on her lip and brow;
And all the kindly deeds her hands have wrought,
Her gentle words, with love and goodness fraught,
Cluster, in memory, round these grateful hours,
Mingling their sweetness with the Easter flowers.

Let not your hearts be troubled! clear and bright
The bow of promise breaks upon the sight,
And, looking through the darkness and the gloom,
Beyond the shadow and beyond the tomb,
We catch the radiance of the coming dawn,
The rising glory of the "Easter morn."

SOLACE.

O weary feet! that tread life's barren sands,
O faithful, long-extended, empty hands!
O patient eyes! that watch and weep in vain:
Know that in some blest isle thy palm-trees grow,
And the cool fountains in their shadows flow
In healing streams, a balm for all thy pain.

O drooping form! beside some buried hope,
O sad heart! bleeding at some cruel stroke,
Whose flowers of life lie withered, cold, and dead:
Know that thy star of hope again shall shine,
Thy flowers immortal bloom in life divine;
In light and joy thou shalt lift up thy head.

O mourning spirit! shrouded in the gloom
Of doubts and fears; O dweller by the tomb!
Whose lamp of faith burns flickering and dim:
Know that thy tears are counted, and thy sighs,
Before thy Father's throne, like incense rise;
In his own time, thou shalt return to Him.

O heaving heart! O longing, weeping eyes!
Look up into the bright and peaceful skies,
And see God's love, forever shining there.
Look out beyond a few brief circling years,
Beyond earth's clouds and mists, life's doubts and fears,
And see the land of promise smiling fair.

PICTURES.

I picture my life that is to come,
As I should like it to be,
In a quiet nook, green hills among,—
Somewhere, in sight of the sea,
Where my music shall be the birds' glad song,
And the waves' grand melody.

And I picture my years in that calm retreat,
So peaceful, so glad, and free,
While Nature's voices shall ever repeat
Their lessons and signs to me;
And my soul shall be filled with a love complete
And boundless as the sea.

And I picture my days that should come and go,
In their sunshine and their shade,
Unvexed by the hollow pomp and show,
The glitter and parade,
And free from this burden of care and woe,
So heavily on me laid.

And my heart grows full of a great content —
But alas! alas! for me!
And alas! for the pictures with beauty blent;
For they can never be —
They are far from my life, and my life's intent,
As the stars are from the sea.

A CHRISTMAS THOUGHT OF DR. E. H. CHAPIN (1880).

The earth is glad once more; 't is Christmas morn;
The merry bells their peals of joy ring out;
The Christ of truth and righteousness is born;
The Father's love to man the anthems shout;
And multitudes go forth to praise and pray,
And yield their homage on the joyful day.

From shrine and spire the songs of praise ascend;
Peace and good-will the echoing notes proclaim;
The strains of rapture and of triumph blend,
Of grace and victory in the Savior's name.

O'er the broad land beams the exultant ray,—
Error and doubt and falsehood flee away.

But on one altar the glad morning breaks
With an unwonted gloom, dark'ning and drear,
And its accustomed voice no longer speaks
The accustomed words of love and hope and cheer;
And woe and dread and heavy sense of loss
Project the shadow of the coming cross.

Silent and stately in its stricken hour,
With all its honor crowned, the temple waits;
Attesting still the majesty and power
That wrought and ministered within its gates,
Enshrining still, in pillar, arch, and nave,
The presence which its pride and glory gave.

The inspired utterances of praise and prayer,
Poured forth in streams of burning eloquence,
Still throb and vibrate on the charmèd air,
Breathing the spirit and the zeal intense
Of him whose genius swayed the listening host—
The mighty teacher fallen at his post!

Mighty, indeed, from conflicts nobly fought;
From rigid duties patiently fulfilled;
Lessons of life sublimely, grandly taught;
And purer faith and better hopes instilled;
And boundless love that touched the Father's hand;
And all that makes a life complete and grand.

The Christmas chimes ring faintly on his ear;
On his dulled sight the Christmas lights burn dim;
The gay, glad hour, with all its festive cheer,
Awakens no responsive joy in him.
His sun goes down, but, shining bright and fair,
Rises the dawn of the supernal sphere.

Oh, gifted soul! O spirit, pure and high!
O fearless champion of Truth and Right!
The grandest triumph of thy life is nigh—
The grandest victory of thy grace and might.
Thy day draws to its close, thy work is done,
Thy goal is near, thy guerdon almost won!

Turn not reluctant from earth's fever dreams,
Nor yearn to linger its pale scenes among;
A broader radiance on thy spirit streams,
A loftier theme awaits thine enfranchised tongue.
Mount on rejoicing wings beyond the skies,
And claim thy heritage in Paradise!

THE DYING HOUR.

Why ask me now to live?
Why gaze upon me with those tearful eyes?
In me there is no cause for tears or sighs:
I would not from this couch of suffering rise—
  I would not give
For all the world this dying hour, this last—
Earth's cares and sorrows will ere long be past.

What have I had in life?
Have I not vainly hoped and dreamed and yearned?
Has not each thought in weariness returned
Back to my heart where the hot fever burned
  Of care and strife?
Has not my youth been wasted in despair?
And what is left me now that I should care?

Has not my heart grown old
In disappointment's dark, vexatious way?
My eyes grown dim with weeping many a day?
Still, through my soul the mournful shadows fly,
  And all seems cold!
Oh! I have longed and prayed to be at rest—
And now the hour is come, I feel 't were best.

Dear friend! thou hast been kind—
I know I have been truly loved by thee,
But, oh! the knowledge came too late to me,
For dull indifference and misery
  Had made me blind
To all the quiet proofs thy love has shown,
But, for thy words, I never should have known.

Forgive me! Oh, forgive!
Nor weep such bitter tears around me now—
The damps of death are heavy on my brow;
I know thy loving hands will lay me low—
  I would not live!
My dying hour has been the sweetest, best,
And with its solace I shall calmly rest.

[The following are the last lines from my mother's pen. They were written at Saratoga, late in the summer of '83, whither she had gone in search of longed-for health. One night, being unusually restless, she arose, wrote these verses to my father, who was then absent, and it was not until some weeks after her death that he received them from a cousin to whom they were intrusted.

V. K. H.]

YOU WILL SOMETIMES THINK OF ME.

Darling, will you remember,
As the coming years roll on,
The acts of love and duty
That my willing hands have done?
Will you think of me with kindness,
When my face no more is seen—
When not e'en my shadow lingers
In the haunts where I have been?

I do not wish thy memory
To be sorrowful or sad;
May thy sorrow find its solace,
And thy life be bright and glad!
But when lonely, lowly lying,
Far away from home and thee,
I shall rest the sweeter, knowing
You will sometimes think of me!

H.M

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